



The Madonna del Pozzo

From the painting by Raphael

Raphael painted so many pictures of the Madonna that for purposes of classification they are distinguished by the detail of the background. The above picture is known as the "Madonna del Pozzo" (The Madonna of the Well), from the well which can be seen in the left background.

Nihil Obstat

JOANNES FITZPATRICK, M.A., D.D.,

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PASSIONIST



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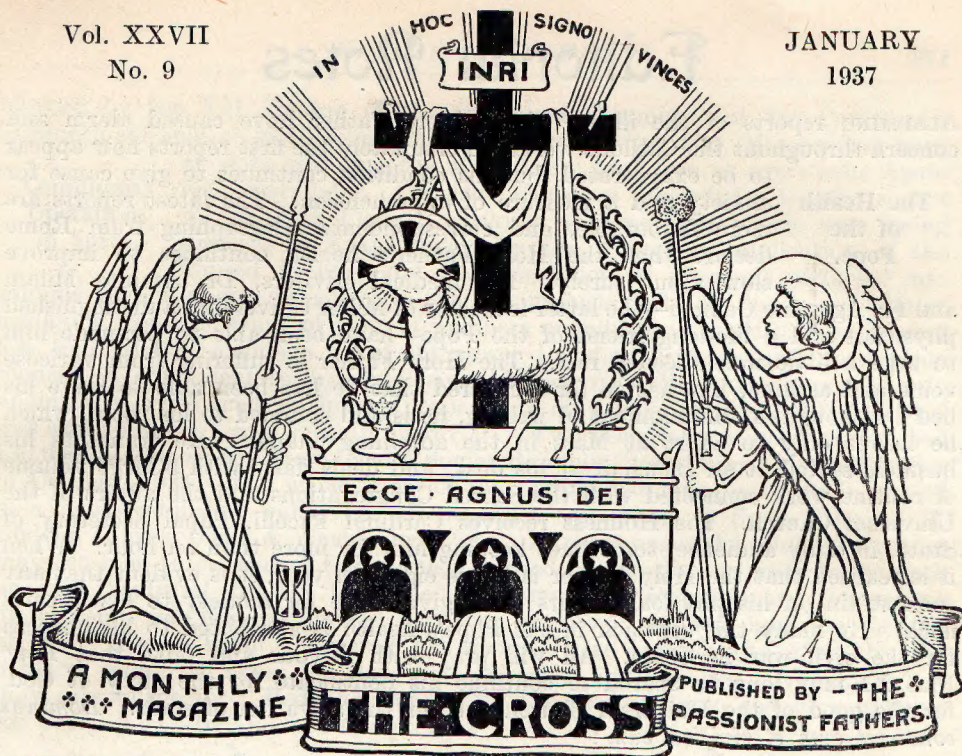
DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 Fri.	✠CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. H.O.	{ Bro. Athanasius (Kelly), C.P.—1893.
2 Sat.	Octave of St. Stephen.	{ Rev. Fr. John Baptist (Byrne), C.P.—1908.
3 SUN.	✠THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.	
4 Mon.	Octave of the Holy Innocents.	
5 Tues.	Vigil of the Epiphany.	{ Rev. Fr. Charles (Houban), C.P.—1893.
6 Wed.	✠EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD. H.O.	{ Rev. Fr. Gabriel (O'Hanlon), C.P.—1893.
7 Thurs.	2nd day in Octave of Epiphany.	
8 Fri.	3rd day in Octave of Epiphany.	
9 Sat.	4th day in Octave of Epiphany.	Rev. Fr. Antoninus (Hull), C.P.—1934.
10 SUN.	✠THE HOLY FAMILY.	Rev. Fr. Bernard (Mangan), C.P.—1933.
11 Mon.	6th day in Octave of Epiphany.	Bro. Hilarion (Griffin), C.P.—1914.
12 Tues.	7th day in Octave of Epiphany.	Rev. Fr. Patrick (Fagan), C.P.—1913.
13 Wed.	Octave of the Epiphany.	
14 Thurs.	St. Hilary, B.C.D.	Rev. Fr. Benignus (Walsh), C.P.—1880.
		Rev. Fr. Raphael (Gorga), C.P.—1881.
		Rev. Fr. Seraphim (Byrne), C.P.—1883.
15 Fri.	St. Paul, the First Hermit, C.	Bro. Stephen (Hayes), C.P.—1906.
16 Sat.	St. Marcellus, P.M.	Rev. Fr. Romuald (Mariowe), C.P.—1919.
		Rev. Fr. Ambrose (Mooney), C.P.—1868.
17 SUN.	✠2nd SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.	
18 Mon.	Chair of St. Peter at Rome.	
19 Tues.	SS. Marius and Comp., MM.	
20 Wed.	SS. Fabian and Sebastian, MM.	Rev. Fr. Oswald (Rothwell), C.P.—1889.
21 Thurs.	St. Agnes, V.M.	
22 Fri.	SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM.	Rev. Fr. Xavier (Heslin), C.P.—1885.
23 Sat.	Of the Sunday.	
24 SUN.	✠SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.	
25 Mon.	CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.	Bro. John Mary (Walsh), C.P.—1909.
26 Tues.	Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden.	Bro. Gabriel (Parr), C.P.—1882.
27 Wed.	St. John Chrysostom, B.C.D.	{ Rev. Fr. Robert (Kelly), C.P.—1933.
28 Thurs.	The Flight into Egypt.	Bro. Francis (Murphy), C.P.—1890.
29 Fri.	St. Francis of Sales, B.C.D.	Rev. Fr. Hubert (Reynolds), C.P.—1890.
30 Sat.	St. Martina, V.M.	
31 SUN.	✠SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.	Rev. Fr. Dominic (O'Neill), C.P.—1917.

Abbreviations : H.O.—Holiday of Obligation. Ap.—Apostle. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. D.—Doctor.
M.—Martyr. P.—Pope. V.—Virgin.

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An Urgent Need

What is the most urgent need for the individual Catholic to-day? Certainly, to the instructed Catholic, enlightened by faith, only one answer is possible, namely to pay attention to the one thing necessary, their eternal salvation. But when that has been earnestly and prudently provided for, I answer that the most urgent need for every Catholic without exception, for rich and poor, old and young, employer and worker, is to have a thorough knowledge of the social doctrines of the Church. This teaching is chiefly contained in the two great Encyclicals, that of Pope Leo XIII on "The Condition of the Working Classes" (1891) and that of Pope Pius XI on "The Reconstruction of the Social Order" (1931).

The social question and the organisation of society is the great topic of the day. It is unendingly discussed in a thousand different aspects, and through ignorance of Catholic teaching on this point, many Catholics and thousands of non-Catholics are decoyed into error by the half-truths and the catch-cries of unscrupulous agitators. The Catholic Church has expounded a definite teaching on the social question, but this teaching is known only to a few. The urgent need of to-day is not an isolated reference to the Papal Encyclicals by a few, but a dynamic, vital and aggressive propaganda that will reach out to every one of the millions who are now being misled by the subversive sophistries of Marx and his disciples.

We need an instructed laity, but the instruction must be individual if it is to be lasting. Make a beginning to-day! I ask every reader of *THE CROSS* to buy a copy of these two Encyclicals—they will cost you the princely sum of Twopence each—and to read them, study them, discuss them, and practise them in 1937. Here is a good work for the opening of the New Year. Make this your resolution and keep it faithfully!

J. Edmund, C.P.

Editorial Notes

ALARMING reports of the illness of the Holy Father have caused alarm and concern throughout the Catholic world. Fortunately the first reports now appear to be exaggerated, but his condition continues to give cause for

The Health of the Pope.

anxiety and a measure of apprehension. The latest reports are more favourable, and correspondents telegraphing from Rome declare that the Holy Father's health continues to improve slowly but surely. His medical advisers, Dr. Aminta Milani and Fr. Agostino Gemelli—the latter is Rector of Milan University, a distinguished physician and a life-long friend of the Pope—have been able to persuade him to take a little much-needed rest. The Holy Father is suffering from varicose veins and asthma, but has so far recovered that he has been able to leave his bed; although, at the moment of writing, he is still confined to his room, which he leaves only to assist at Mass in the adjoining chapel. He transacts his business seated at an armchair at his desk, and deals daily with a large volume of routine work connected with the Sacred Congregations and the affairs of the Universal Church. His Holiness receives Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State, in daily audience, sometimes keeping him for more than an hour. When it is realised that the Holy Father is in his eightieth year, it is evident that any such strain on his physical powers must give cause for anxiety to his faithful flock. By many this set-back in the Pope's health is attributed to his concern for the civil war in Spain. All will pray with fervour and faith that Pope Pius XI may long be spared to continue his pontificate for the glory of God, for the good of the Universal Church and for the salvation of souls. *Dominus conservet eum et vivificet eum!*

* * * * *

THE sensational journals which rushed out special editions early in November with the headline "FALL OF MADRID" must be feeling particularly sorry for themselves. Almost two months have elapsed since then, and

Stalemate outside Madrid.

the final assault on Madrid has yet to be made. Two causes may be assigned for the protracted delay of the Patriot Army at the very gates of the capital. First, the defenders were strongly reinforced in men and material, more especially by the so-called "International Column," which was composed of experienced Communist die-hards from many lands, with a strong backing of trained Russian troops. In the second place, General Franco found that he had not sufficient forces to surround the city, and at the same time to launch a decisive attack. As a result, the hitherto rapid advance of the Patriot troops has been momentarily checked; but this, of course, does not mean that the ultimate issue is in doubt. Signs of internal strife have already appeared in the so-called "Government" forces, and more than one leader has publicly confessed that lack of discipline and insubordination were so widespread that no united action was possible in the field. To further complicate an already involved situation, it can no longer be doubted that other forces have entered the battle. The "Reds" have been reinforced by fully-trained Russian troops, whilst Soviet technicians are hard at work remedying their material deficiencies. General Franco is, by all accounts, receiving valuable assistance from Germany and Italy, which of course are solidly anti-Communist. A state of smothered international war exists, which by mutual tacit agreement is being fought out on Spanish soil. It is only one step further to open warfare. Will that step be taken in 1937? Who will be the first to cross the Rubicon?

* * * * *

"THE pre-requisites of a revolutionary crisis are being created at a rapid pace in Spain." This is not a "Fascist" statement, as many nit-wits would quickly assume. It is not an utterance of either Hitler or Mussolini. It is a thesis

adopted by the XII Plenum of the Executive Committee of the Communist International held at Moscow in 1931-32. Even at that date, Moscow was hard at work planning the Red Terror that was to overwhelm Spain four years later. Comrade Kuusinen presented a lengthy report to the XII Plenum outlining the methods which were being pursued in Spain, especially the "concrete application of the United Front" and the conversion of economic strikes "into genuine revolutionary struggles." The Communist Party in Spain was almost negligible from the point of view of numbers or influence; in 1933 it numbered less than 10,000 members. Yet its power for disintegration and destruction rendered it equivalent to high explosive. Money from Moscow was poured into Spain on a lavish scale to finance propaganda on a huge scale; in 1932 £50,000 was sent to Spain "as a subsidy for revolt." Two years later Moscow despatched £30,000 to support the short-lived "Soviet Republic" established in the Asturias in October, 1934. The whole story of the Communist intrigue in Spain is told in a newly-published pamphlet "Communist Operations in Spain" by G. M. Godden (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 2d.). In these pages the intelligent reader may see how International Communism carried out its deadly preliminary work on the "cultural front," how the programme of revolutionary democratic dictatorship was first formulated and then ruthlessly applied, how the theories of the "United Front" inspired by Moscow were carried into effect by the deluded people of Spain—in fine, how the plea for "Spanish Democracy" is only camouflage for "Red Dictatorship." The fate of Spain carries a warning for every land—Ireland not excepted!

* * * * *

THE practical sympathy of the Irish people for the suffering Catholics of Spain has been strikingly demonstrated by the magnificent response to the special collection which was nationally observed on the Feast of Christ the King. A total sum of £43,331 0s. 11d. was received by His Eminence Cardinal MacRory to be forwarded to the Cardinal Primate of Spain for the relief of distressed Spanish Catholics.

**Ireland
and the
Spanish War.**

Of this sum more than £6,000 was subscribed in the Archdiocese of Dublin alone; Killaloe, Limerick, Cloyne, Down and Connor, Kildare, and Cashel followed with over £2,000 each; whilst thirteen other dioceses each subscribed more than £1,000 apiece. Not only has financial aid been given in abundance, but other material assistance has been forthcoming from Ireland. More than 1,000 Irishmen have left for Spain to form an Irish Brigade in the Patriot Army. Shoulder to shoulder with their Catholic brethren, they will fight the cause of the Faith in Spain. Whilst some may question the wisdom of enrolling Irish volunteers in such a hazardous enterprise, all will willingly pay tribute to the high spirit of idealism and self-sacrifice which has inspired such an enterprise. More disquieting is the news that another body of Irishmen—variously estimated at eighty, two hundred and four hundred—has also arrived in Spain to fight for the "Reds." As a numerical demonstration this latter force may be negligible, as a symptom it is definitely alarming. The warning is plain for all who have eyes to see it. Irishmen who face one another on opposing sides in Spain, may live to fight out the same battle again in the home country. And when the "Red" sympathisers return, it means that a body of fully-trained and expert Communist propaganda merchants will be dumped throughout the countryside.

* * * * *

CATHOLICS should be broad-minded enough and generous enough to recognise and to acclaim genuine worth wherever it exists, even amongst those who are not of the Household of the Faith. For that reason we direct special attention to the magnificent and unparalleled donations of Lord Nuffield, the English

motor magnate. In an age when wealthy men are oblivious of the obligations with regard to their superfluous income, Lord Nuffield has set a shining example which others would do well to imitate, even on a lesser scale. Last July, he presented a bonus of £100,000 to his workers in the form of holiday pay. In November he decided to donate £1,250,000 to Oxford University for medical research; and when Convocation had met to accept and to thank him for his generous gift, learning that it was insufficient for the scheme approved by the authorities, Lord Nuffield increased his gift to £2,000,000. Just one week later, the papers announced that all workers in the Morris industries which he controls, were to become shareholders in the organisation. One million shares in Morris Motors, Ltd., representing a market-value of £2,125,000, are being handed over to trustees to form a fund which will distribute dividends annually to every worker on the pay-roll of the Morris industries. Well done, Lord Nuffield! Here is one man who has realised "the grave obligations of charity, beneficence and liberality which rest on the wealthy." "The investment of superfluous income" declares Pius XI "in securing favourable opportunities for employment, provided the labour employed produces results which are really useful, is to be considered—according to the teaching of the Angelic Doctor—an act of real liberality, particularly appropriate to the needs of our time."

WE make no apology for returning to a subject to which we devoted some prominence in the December issue of *The Cross*. The problem of Irish girls who cross to England in search of domestic employment has reached appalling dimensions and demands immediate and close attention. Even the English conscience has been stirred to action at this modern massacre of innocents. The Home Secretary has already been requested to conduct a public inquiry into the activities of private employment agencies. This request has been rejected, but the matter is not being allowed to rest there. The London County Council have sent a deputation to suggest that certain employment agencies have brought to London young girls unsuitable for domestic employment. The sinister suggestion that lurks behind this apparently harmless statement needs no further comment. In the *Irish Independent*, Miss Gertrude Gaffney has conducted a searching investigation into the conditions and prospects of Irish boys and girls who go to England in search of employment. The number of such emigrants is growing steadily. From 5,239 in 1931 it has increased to 12,988 in 1934, 17,738 in 1935 and 36,377 during the first nine months of 1936. Some indeed make good—but an appalling number sink into degradation, destitution and despair. Catholic homes and hostels are crammed with destitute Irish boys and girls who have crossed the Irish Sea with absolutely no knowledge of the conditions they will have to face. It is not a pleasant prospect from the standpoint of national self-respect; and if one considers the danger to faith and morals the outlook is heart-breaking. We sincerely trust that Miss Gaffney's revelations will make Irish parents more aware of the dangers that await their children in England.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We thank all those subscribers who have hastened to renew their subscriptions to THE CROSS for 1937.

It is most consoling to note that the great majority renewed spontaneously, after reading the notice in the December issue.

There are still some outstanding, however. We are prepared to receive further renewals for 1937 up to January 20th. Post your 5/6 to-day. Thank you!

The Apostolate of Truth

M. L'Abbe de Backer

Every Christian who understands the truth owes it to himself, and still more to Christ, to spread the truth. And this by every means that modern life places at his disposal, and still more by the constant example of his every action, steeped in the spirit of faith :: :: :: ::

Translated with permission from the French of M. l'Abbé de Backer
by MOTHER M. ST. THOMAS

SOULS are perishing by reason of their ignorance of God. They can neither serve nor love Him; they do not know Him. The Divine reality remains, at least for certain souls, an intellectual curiosity which they study as a matter of history or psychology. Christianity has a place in historical manuals together with Buddhism and Theosophy. Religious sentiments, spiritual crises, are dissected in so-called mystical romances with a refinement of analysis which either bewilders or sets up a fashionable craze. But faith has departed from the majority of minds in our day. If there are certain signs which seem to herald a religious revival in the intellectual world, people for the most part still follow a retrograde movement as regards religious knowledge and practice. The only true remedy is that which Christ ordained at the beginning: "Go, teach all nations." Every Christian who understands the truth owes it to himself, and still more to Christ, to spread the truth, nothing but the truth, all the Truth. And this by every means that modern life places at his disposal—the daily press, books, lectures, the radio; but still more by the radiation of his daily and hourly life; by the constant example of his every action steeped in the spirit of faith, by his words and judgment ever conformed to the spirit of the Gospels; above all, by his conversation, his personal influence on those with whom he comes in contact. Christ "began to do and to teach." The method does not change. We must speak, speak repeatedly, we must act and persevere.

Action oftentimes long precedes the spoken word. When it is at last uttered, the apostle's example has already prepared the ground in the souls of his hearers who have only been waiting for this word to give form and substance to their own long-felt desires and to release the power of their will. Therefore, the apostle, conscious of the principle that no one can give what he does not possess, must live Truth. Truth is Christ: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." He must give Christ. He himself must be true. Hypocrisy is a camouflage which cannot deceive God. Such an instrument would be covered with confusion and cast aside with disdain. The true apostle *lives* his eternal life; he *sees*, through faith may be, but with particular acuteness; his is experimental rather than acquired knowledge. "This is eternal life: That they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent."

To know God is necessarily to radiate Him. Knowledge begets desire, love, union; the apostle "lives" God and diffuses Him. His knowledge of God is consequently the result of his union with Him. Prayer is the supreme means of knowledge, for it is in prayer that Our Lord becomes the Master of the soul. Therein He teaches. He reveals Himself by an imperceptible and constant movement. But who has the patience required to allow this divine teaching to reach achievement? St. Thomas Aquinas himself declared that he learnt more at the foot of the Crucifix than in his formidable studies, and whenever he met with difficulties in his gigantic task, it was from the Master that he sought light

and help. "Christ," exclaims St. Augustine, "is the solution of every difficulty!"—*Solutio omnium difficultatum, Christus!* To be an apostle of Truth is to bring other souls to know Him. God awaits man's co-operation to attract souls to Himself. This human co-operation is however, ~~ill-understood and~~, windy talk too often usurps the place of the simple, truly apostolic word. "Without Me, you can do nothing." "He that believeth in Me, the works that I do, he also shall do; and greater than these shall he do. . . . Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My name, that will I do: That the Father may be glorified in the Son. . . . And He shall give you . . . the Spirit of Truth, Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him: but you shall know Him because He shall abide with you, and shall be in you."

To ask the Father, in the name of the Son, for the miracle of the conversion of others to the truth is therefore the real work of the apostle of truth. From this is distinctly shown the predominant role of the contemplative Orders, who by means of prayer, make the active work of the labourers in God's vineyard to bear fruit. The latter should often recall the profound saying: "It is one man that soweth, and it is another that reapeth. I have sent you to reap that in which you did not labour: others have laboured, and you have entered into their labours. He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life everlasting that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

Besides this inner life, illumined by the "true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world," the word is necessary, according to Christ's explicit decree. Souls must be directed towards Him Who hath "the words of eternal life." And how shall they know the truth without preachers? "Dogma, dogma in plenty," the great Cardinal Mercier was constantly repeating. The Gospels, the Epistles, the Acts *must* be known and read again and again: they contain Revelation, they are the well-spring of all theological knowledge. To recommend them, to explain them, is to open minds to the Truth. It is essential to go deeply into dogmatic and moral knowledge as set forth in appropriate works and to keep this knowledge up to the mark by means of reviews and special pamphlets, the "Lives" of Saints and the works of Saints on whom God bestowed His light. A great movement is conspicuous at the present day towards a serious study of the works of St. Thomas, the Angel of the Schools. The innumerable pious booklets which too often misrepresent the true notion of religion are to be distrusted.

In brief, the apostle ought to be an "intellectual" burning with the desire to announce the "Good News" to souls. "Jesus went about in all the cities and towns, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom."

Yet, discretion and the right occasion are necessary. "Give not that which is holy to dogs; neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest perhaps they trample thee under their feet, and turning upon you, they tear you." "Go ye not into the way of the Gentiles, and into the city of the Samaritans enter ye not. But go ye rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And going, preach, saying: The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

Christ seems by these words and his whole way of acting with His Apostles, to preach what is called "the formation of the élite." This method of the apostolate has, as appropriate means, the Study Circle and, as preparation, the circle of formation.

The Study Circle is best adapted to those who have been already formed in the latter. It gives an opening to individual effort, helps to form the judgment and the power of reflection; personal initiative plays a dominant part in it. There are so many people who are nothing more than passive receptacles, incapable of comparing, of analyzing or deducting! Discussion, the raising of questions, the consideration of divers points of view, are factors in teaching how

to dissect a truth, to assimilate it, to make it one's own, then how to reproduce it under different forms with more and more exactitude. Without wishing to deal *ex professo* with this method so much advocated in our day, it may be useful to remark that many Study Circles too often deviate from dogma to concern themselves with literature, science or sociology. These domains are everywhere the order of the day. The Catholic will have it at heart to penetrate into the vast religious domain so little known. The question of the laity occupying themselves with theology harks back to the Middle Ages. Would it not be a happy state of things if we could see a greater number of these purely theological cenacles with zealous priests to throw a clear light on the vital truths which they themselves passionately love?

"The little ones have asked for bread, and there was none to break it unto them." Or else it is only stones, dry-as-dust commonplaces that are given them in profusion. But the Living Truth in practice, the secrets of the inner life, of the grace of redemption, of the Divine action, of the life of the Holy Trinity, remain an enclosed garden strictly reserved to those in religion . . . and yet!

The circle of formation, if less intellectual, ought to be the more practical. Here the priest-director can give full scope to the charity that consumes him. To enkindle the souls of his hearers with the fire of his own innermost soul, to meditate together with them upon the Gospel and the rest of the inspired Scriptures, to reveal to them the mysterious paths of perfection along which others have walked before them, to teach the way of prayer, the means of holiness, to explain the Master and His action in souls, to turn their attention from the absorbing vanities of the world and make them look within themselves, such is the end of the circle of formation. It is wonderfully adapted to young honest minds, those of good will still unseared by the sad experiences of earthly life. Their hearts open widely to the kindly dew of the word of life, their enthusiasm for Christ is slowly and firmly established in love based upon knowledge, their will is virilized in face of the examples set before them, their intellect discovers a domain of reading and studies such as had never been offered to them elsewhere.

What use is there in knowing all these things and in studying them, except with the object of giving them in sustenance to one's brethren? Truth possesses this attribute, that the more we spread it around us the more we ourselves live by it. There is no better way of learning than to teach, and what graces, what spiritual lights are given to one who freely gives of the inexhaustible riches of his hidden treasure. "The Kingdom of Heaven is like to a man who is a householder, who bringeth out of his treasure new things and old."

The apostle will feel himself to be God's spokesman, and the Consoler, "the Spirit of Truth will come and will guide him in all truth."* The promise bequeathed by Jesus will be fulfilled in him: "Just Father, the world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee: and these have known that Thou hast sent me. And I have made known Thy name to them and will make it known: that the love wherewith Thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them."

*Cf. John XVI, 13.

(The above article has been translated from the French by kind permission of the author. For the translation we are indebted to Mother Mary of St. Thomas).

For the Canonisation of Blessed Gemma Galgani.

By the special direction of Most Rev. Fr. Titus, C.P., General of the Passionists, our reader. are invited to send their offerings towards the Canonisation of Bl. Gemma Galgani. All such offerings will be acknowledged in *The Cross* and will be forwarded to Rome by the Managing Editor. Since the last list, the following sums have been received:—

J. J. McN. (Enniskillen), 5/-; T. M. (Belfast), 2/6; "A Friend of Gemma" (Trim, Co. Meath), 2/6.

Offerings may be sent to The Managing Editor, *The Cross*, Mount Argus, Dublin.

In the Land ~ of Our Lord

JOHN GIBBONS

The Palestine that I was to see for the next few weeks was a land of strange contrasts. In its new cities it struck me as a largely atheist country. In another way it is even more of a Holy Land than I had ever thought :: ::

THIS is an Italian ship going to Jaffa in Palestine, the traditional port of centuries of Christian pilgrims. Only I am probably the only Christian passenger at all aboard the ship. It has come from Trieste, the gateway of Middle Europe, and the passengers are practically entirely Jewish, making for their "Promised Land"; we have Jews from Germany, from Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, everywhere. Some are going to settle in Palestine, but most are going to look round and examine their chances in case the immigrant's permit ever comes their way. They are mostly very poor and desperately serious. I am on the ship simply because it is the cheapest way of getting to Palestine.

Now what am I going to see? Is this Palestine one huge pilgrimage shrine like, say, Lourdes or the Vatican part of Rome? Or is it a vast religious museum full of experts and scholars? Is it a tourist country full of wealthy Americans, or is it all picturesque Arabs and their flocks and camels? Can it possibly be a sort of Zionist garden suburb, all modern industries? I just don't know what I'm going to see. Actually it is at any rate not Jaffa; our ship is radioed to divert instead to Haifa. The Arabs, it appears, are practically at war with the Zionist immigrants, and the landing at Jaffa is by barges, and everybody would get their throats cut; Haifa has a proper jetty and quay-side, and there will be British soldiers to protect our landing.

This is very queer indeed. This Haifa might be a Liverpool set down in a tropical climate. It is a great city, with a vast harbour and British warships; it is one terminal of the oil pipe-line and is worth millions of pounds to the British Empire. Ashore the place still looks a great city, only now not so English; really this might be a bit of New York, with big restaurants and skyscraper-like office buildings and a perpetual rush of little single-decker buses. This is far less scriptural than I had thought. Also only about one man in ten can understand me. These are all Jews; they have come from the countries where they are most oppressed, and they speak German and Polish and other such languages, with Hebrew as a central tongue. That is one part of Haifa.

But then in five minutes I am in another part where not a Jewish face is to be seen. These are all Arabs, and here is their great mosque. But I was all wrong in thinking of Arabs as wearing funny clothes and looking after camels in the desert; these Arabs in Haifa mostly wear ordinary European clothes, and they run buses and printing-works and type-writing offices with Arabic-charactered machines and everything else. An educated English-speaking Arab tells me with a smile that I have been thinking of the Bedouins, the Arabs of the desert; after all, the English are not all gypsies nor the Irish all tinkers. Also it seems that I was wrong about the Arabs being all Moslems; a very high proportion of them are Christians, either of one of the many Eastern sects or in communion with Rome. Out here, by the way, I find myself called a "Latin"; a "Catholic" means an Eastern in communion with Rome, as opposed to an Eastern in schism. So I meet the Maronite Archbishop of Tyre; he is an Eastern Catholic or just a "Catholic," while I am a "Latin."

So far I am disappointed. This is just a great city in a tropical climate,

but where is the Holy Land? Here is at least a bit of it just above Haifa. This is Mount Carmel, with a huge monastery, where they will produce a monk to deal with any language in the world. The great statue of Our Lady, I see, was presented by pilgrims from Chile, in South America. This is certainly beginning to look a little more like the Holy Land. The drive up to the mountain was most extraordinary. Starting in streets of great modern offices and restaurants, the taxi-cab was in minutes driving over what looked to me like desert, and frightening a herd of apparently wild and ownerless camels; then in minutes again the desert in turn gave place to a Mount Carmel that might have been an older and bigger and far more cosmopolitan Mount Argus.

The Palestine that I was to see for the next few weeks was all contrasts like that, and now that I know a little about things I can see why. It is the sacred land of three creeds, of our own Christendom, of Judaism, and of Moslemism; Jerusalem is the third Holy City of Mahommed. In centuries, oceans of blood



THE CARMELITE MONASTERY ON MOUNT CARMEL.

... "Might have been an older, bigger and far more cosmopolitan Mount Argus."

have been spilled in perpetual conflict. It is also the gateway between East and West, and so for centuries again great nations have fought for Palestine. But Palestine in itself, and apart from its religious associations and its position, is largely worthless. Most of the land is waterless wilderness, and nobody wanted it. Under the Turks, and up to the Great War, it was largely derelict, and the last few years of British rule have changed it far less than I for one had ever thought possible. Zionism has had its effect, of course, and most of the land worth having (I put it roughly, of course, and not in terms of political argument!) seems to have passed under Hebrew control; those people are industrious and clever farmers, and millions of money have poured into the country from New York, South Africa, Germany, all the cities of the Jewish Dispersion. So you get a country in an oddly ribbon-like development. Here is a city that looks like a Jewish Chicago, and here is an English-engineered road with a perfect motoring surface; it runs through land under intensive cultivation, with all

the latest farming appliances, and with Zionist settlements and factories on either side. But now it has altered, and the road is running through apparently primeval wilderness. There is an Arab shack at intervals and that is all. I believe that half a mile off the road you could quite possibly get your throat cut; most certainly you could still meet bandits. (No, the next year's prospective pilgrim need not be put off! I saw Palestine in "trouble time." I was merely trying to point out the extraordinary contrasts of the country).

How *am* I to get it all in a short article! I wanted to say how in one way I was so shocked. Palestine struck me as being in its new cities a largely atheist country. There are the Old Jews who have been there almost for ever; they have been fined and persecuted and put in prison and burned alive, and still they have hung on to their creed and their ritual. But then, they are only a drop in the ocean to the vast rising tide of the New Zionism, and the New Zionist has largely thrown away his ancient faith. God, he says, has done nothing for the Jew; there is no God! And you can see the New Jew eating the ham that



THE HOLY LAND AS IT IS TO-DAY.
A view of a street in Nazareth.

is a deliberate defiance of his old religion. But then, in another way, Palestine is even more of the Holy Land than I had ever thought. All Christendom is there: Catholic and Eastern and Protestant. There is no branch or sect of Christianity that does not wish to be represented in the Land of its Christ, and so, side by side with, say, the Abyssinians or Copts, you will find the chapel or hospital or mission of some obscure American Protestant sect of which you never before even heard. That very Haifa which at first glance I had thought so Hebrew-American is also so German-Protestant. You can find a whole Quarter that might be German-Swiss. They were good German Lutherans who about the eighteen-seventies thought that as Christians they ought to try to live in the Land of Christ, and gave up their banks and offices in Germany and moved out to Palestine to till the land. I said a "Quarter," because Palestine mostly runs in Quarters. A village is Arab or Hebrew-Zionist as it might be Orange or Catholic (only much more so!) and a city will have its quite clearly-cut Quarters with the English-officered police doing their best to prevent too much "trouble."

Another point that tremendously impressed me was the smallness of the

country. We see it on the atlas at the end of a Bible and it looks quite large ; really, with a decent-powered car you could scamper through Palestine and get a perfunctory view of the stock " sights " in under a week. That very smallness, however, makes the Holy Land come ever so much more " true," if you can see what I mean ! I am a Catholic Englishman, but I should call myself a very ordinary sort of Catholic. I hope that I know the principal incidents in the Life of Our Lord, but the Midianites and the Moabites and all those eternal warrings of the petty tribes of the Old Testament, where did they all happen ? I suppose that I should learn them once and then forget. But when you've been over Palestine even as roughly as I did, and just storing-up impressions and looking up the scholars' books afterwards to find out where you've been, then it's all different, and the Old Testament and the New, this chapter and that verse, it all fits in so exactly just as the general jumble of a jig-saw puzzle. So there's what the Zionists call the " Emek," the Plain of Esdraelon, where half the battles of the Old Testament happened, and with a map at home in England or Ireland it's just a name. But get out there, and where else could it have happened ? That plain between two ranges of mountains was the natural battleground. Or travel from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and here is the place where Our Lady is said to have sat down and rested. But then, here is another place called the Tomb of Rachel, and of course that was the way to the South, where the Israelites originally went down into Egypt. It all fits in so perfectly. Or I have been to Rabboth-Amon, the place they now call Amman, and there's a text in the Old Testament somewhere (I only found it afterwards) about the season of the year when Kings go to Battle, and reading a Bible at home it means nothing in particular. But you go to Amman and look at those mountains and see how deep a ravine those rivers can carve themselves, and it all comes clear to your eyes. There could be only one season to start fighting, just in spring, when the mountain torrents had passed the worst of their floods. It's all like that, with every bit of history and every text coming suddenly to vivid life.

I've done it so badly, and what have I made you see so far ? The most extraordinary country in the world with film-star-looking sheiks jostling against film-star-looking pawnbrokers, and with motor-buses made in New York picking a way through herds of camels apparently made in a child's Sunday School prize picture-book. There are blocks of office-buildings with the latest equipment of sun-balconies and sun-glass, and there are tents filthy with apparently centuries of dirt. Then along a busy modern street, thick with little open-air cafés and with people drinking beer at tables under awnings, there came a little procession with a long-bearded priest and a few sad-looking people and one man carrying what looked like a baby's coffin. Copts, perhaps. I'm a Catholic, but I know that I made quite a little sensation by standing up. With so many races and so many religions nobody else would worry. And think of it all, please, under a most terrific sun, and the glare will dazzle you until you can hardly see, and a particular sort of wind will lift the sand from the desert and carry it a hundred miles and deposit it neatly in your lungs. Try and see it all, the glare and the splendour and the colour and the squalor, and breathe it all and feel it all, and even sometimes smell a bit of it.

But we're only beginning. I wanted to try to make you see Jerusalem and Bethlehem and the Jordan and Damascus and the Sea of Galilee. Never mind. Next time.

Perhaps.

*****G*****

If you have not yet renewed your Annual Subscription for 1937, may we direct your attention to the Order Form on page i of the advertisements.

Nearer than ~ ~ the Door

.....@.....
E. KIELTY

.....
"God help the girls that have to
earn their living in a strange
country" she thought, as the shrill
siren announced their departure.
England would soon be left behind.
She was overjoyed to be going
home at last :: :: ::
.....

"A CORN BOAT in at the quay in Sligo, and me in bed not able to do a hand's turn; glory be to God, but it's myself has the bad luck entirely," groaned big Tomás Gilmartin.

"Aye indeed, and the wee white cow sick," murmured his wife, Maura, as she sat on a creepy, stirring from time to time a big pot of flax seed on the fire.

Tomás heaved himself so violently round in the bed that it creaked and groaned; the chintz curtains screening it from the kitchen, flapped almost into the fire.

"Whist, will you go easy now," exclaimed his wife. "It isn't every day you can have the doctor putting bandages on you."

"She's an old dope, anyway. I never did think much of them new ways the world is coming to with lady doctors. Maybe she didn't fix me leg right, seeing it's sore so long."

"Aye indeed, me good man; if ye had half an eye in your head to see where you were putting your feet you wouldn't be falling off a ladder when you were putting a few straws on the thatch," retorted Maura.

"Don't mind Mamma; she's only teasing," said a slim, dark-haired girl of eighteen seated on the settle mending a much-mended pair of boy's trousers.

"True for your mother; I should have been minding me business. It's a hard winter we're in for, *a gradh*, with the pratees bad and all," sighed Tomás.

"Farmers always grumble," said a young lad, laughingly, as he stooped to enter the doorway. "Why worry? Can't little Cissie here get a job after all the education she got going into the technical every day learning shorthand-typing?"

"That'll do, Seán. Leave Sheila alone," interrupted the mother, knowing the girl's failure to obtain work was a sore point.

"Well, why can't she?" he persisted, rattling a chair to the table.

"And why can't you be in time for your dinner?" said Sheila. "Spending hours away in town only to buy a bag of flour," she added, placing his plate before him.

The four other school youngsters came in soon for tea, and the house was noisy with chatter. Sheila slipped down the lane to the Gilooly's.

It was a mellow late summer's evening; the air was sweet and fresh. Across the narrow bay the lights of Sligo twinkled hazily in the slight mist rising over the sea.

Sheila's thoughts were not of the beautiful evening. They had had a run of misfortune lately with bad crops, cattle, and now her father's fall. She wished she could earn a little. Even a little ready cash goes a good way in the country. However, Norah Gilooly was home on holiday from England, where she was in service: maybe she might know of something.

Norah Gilooly, a big, fair-haired, easy-going girl, promised readily to see what she could do for Sheila. "But I'm afraid I'm not likely to hear of anything in a shop. Domestic, maybe," she had added at parting.

"Anything at all," replied Sheila.

True to her word, Norah wrote soon to say she knew of a place—parlour-maid, nice lady—if Sheila would consider it she'd speak for her, as she was friendly with the girl who was leaving to get married.

Mrs. Gilmartin demurred at the notion of Sheila going to service after all the money spent on putting her to school in the town.

"Just for a while, till something else turns up," pleaded Sheila, and her mother finally gave in.

After due correspondence, references and so on, Sheila received the passage money and set off for Blackpool, a seaside resort not very far from Preston.

She felt lonely enough at parting, but the thought of being able to help buoyed her up. She felt quite competent, as she had often assisted the house-keeper at the presbytery when there was any big dinner.

Alas! That experience was of little use now. Waiting at table, it appeared, was quite different from what she imagined. Luckily the cook good-naturedly gave her hints as to the correct manner of procedure.

For the first few weeks Sheila felt absolutely at sea. She was lonely at night, but during the day, anxiety to do everything correctly occupied all her attention.

The mistress, however, seemed very kind and gracious. A strict church-woman, she allowed Sheila to go to Mass and her duties, and saw she got fish on Fridays. The two grown-up daughters were, on the contrary, rather snobbish, very sarcastic at any blunder on Sheila's part.

After a while she fell into the routine. She had the usual outings, but to a girl who had been used to being outdoors a good deal, she keenly felt the loss of a daily walk. Often she longed for a whiff of her mountain air.

Nearly three months passed, and Sheila felt happier. The news from home was good. Her father would soon be able to get about.

One morning as she was clearing the breakfast things the mistress said very quietly: "I don't think you are suitable for here. You haven't had enough experience. I think you'd better look for some other place. I pay weekly, but I give a month's notice." And she went out of the room.

Mechanically Sheila resumed her work. A dull resentment burned within her as she recalled how conscientiously she had worked. For a few errors in waiting at table she must be dismissed so lightly. The two daughters, who liked exaggerated perfection in all things, were no doubt to blame. Just to get notice so near Christmas, too, when she thought how she had been planning to send something extra home. Tears dimmed the dark eyes, but she restrained them. A month's notice: she brightened again. Surely she would be able to find another place before then.

Alas for hopes! No situation materialized. Prospective mistresses interviewed her, 'phoned for references, and there the matter would end. At last Sheila was forced to realize that her mistress must be giving her a very poor report.

When the day came for departure, Sheila had to go into "digs," with a month's wages and a few shillings she had saved for Christmas.

She had her name entered at a registry office and set out arduously to find work. Several places Norah told her of, turned her down after getting references from her late mistress. Several ladies, less particular, were on the point of engaging her, but changed when they heard Sheila was a Catholic, and would require to go to Mass every Sunday. One lady was positively rude: "Nonsense," she said, tartly, "Only an excuse for getting out. Once a month is quite enough: one of your own clergymen told me so."

One morning the proprietress of the registry office informed Sheila she had a fine temporary place on the books, with one Mrs. Perry, in Cheshire, just for three months. The lady knew she was a Roman Catholic and would be quite willing to let her go to Mass. "Mrs. Perry is very anxious to be settled—house

full of visitors and parlourmaid taken suddenly ill with appendicitis."

Sheila listened while the manageress rattled on: "Mrs. Perry wants me to 'phone as soon as you come." She suited the action to the word, and soon Sheila was listening to a glowing character of herself as delivered by the manageress to Mrs. Perry.

"Mrs. Perry says she relies on my judgment, so won't bother with any further reference." So it was all settled and Sheila was to go to Tarporley the next day.

Feeling much happier, Sheila left the office. The world seemed suddenly to have become a brighter place. She passed by the public library, and at the same time a thought struck her. She went in to consult a Catholic directory. When she had done so all the buoyancy left her. There was no Catholic church in Tarporley: the nearest was in Chester miles away, and even if there were a 'bus service, no mistress could allow a maid to be away all morning.

The disappointment was keen. "Still, after all, it's only for three months; why not accept it," she reflected. The temptation was strong. She felt so desperate; her funds were running low.

She walked back to her "digs," mentally fighting every inch of the way. Once in her room she started packing. After all, many girls were not so particular; even Norah admittedly didn't go to Mass every Sunday since she started talking to a Protestant boy. "What would her mother say if she knew she dreamt of missing even one Mass?" Sheila reddened as she picked up a photo of her mother. Still more, what would her heavenly Mother think of her, a child of Mary?

She sat on the edge of the bed and cried quietly. Then, powdering her face to remove tear traces, she put on her hat and coat and went back to the registry office. She explained matters briefly.

"Wait a minute, love, and I'll phone Mrs. Perry. Maybe she could arrange matters."

However, Mrs. Perry said she was very disappointed. She hadn't known the whereabouts of a Roman Catholic church. Under the circumstances Sheila wouldn't be suitable, unless she would be willing to go to church on Sunday evenings; she would try and arrange that. So Sheila definitely refused the place.

"Call in to-morrow. There may be some ladies in this evening," said the manageress brightly.

"I've just the place for you, love," was the greeting next morning when Sheila entered the office. She had heard so very often now.

With the address on a slip of paper she sallied forth. The place given was a good bus ride and then a fair walk. When she did arrive the mistress was very charming till she heard Sheila was a Roman Catholic.

"They are perfect fools down at that office. I particularly said I wanted a Church of England girl—such a waste of my time in fruitless interviews." She curtly bade Sheila good-morning.

Tried by the events of the last few days, Sheila felt this last rebuff very keenly.

The sky had been dark and threatening all morning, and she hadn't gone many steps before the rain fell in torrents. Before reaching the bus stop she was almost drenched through.

A few mornings later, on attempting to rise, Sheila felt horribly sick, giddy and faint. Well, if this wasn't the last straw. Three weeks' unemployment and now to get sick. She would have to let them know at home she was out of work. So far she had kept it secret. The cook at the last place had kindly sent on her letters.

"Eh, love, you do look bad; you'd better have a doctor. It would cost you nowt, seeing you've got your insurance card," said the landlady in a firm tone. "Give me your doctor's address and our Harry'll take a message when he comes home from school."

After more chatter she departed, leaving Sheila staring disconsolately at the grotesquely-flowered wallpaper, and wondering what she would do if she were going to be ill long. The insurance money certainly wouldn't be sufficient for her lodgings. How hard she had prayed, striven to do right, and now. . . . Mentally she chided herself: after all, how often had her mother said "The help of God is nearer than the door."

She was glad now she had taken Norah's advice when arriving, and registered as a panel patient with Dr. Hammond. She had only seen him once. Maybe he wouldn't be very agreeable, called to attend what might be only a cold, but her landlady was a very masterful woman and would see her wishes carried out.

Sheila need have had no qualms. Dr. Hammond was away, and a young Irish doctor was doing *locum*. He said Sheila was suffering from a severe chill, her feverishness augmented by uneasiness of mind. A few kindly questions, and the doctor elicited the true state of affairs.

"What kind of work can you do?" he queried.

"Office work and housework," she answered.

"Don't worry. Something will turn up." He paused. "My brother has a big store in Dublin. I'll write and ask him if he knows of anything, and let you know as soon as I hear."

True to his word, the doctor called one day with the news that his brother would have a vacancy for a book-keeper in a month's time. Sheila's eyes shone happily. She hardly knew how to thank him. He smilingly interrupted her thanks.

"A few more bottles of medicine, and if you do as you are told you'll soon be up—and have time to have a holiday at home before commencing work."

It was indeed a happy Sheila who hurried, one evening later, on to the Liverpool boat bound for Dublin. England would be soon left behind. Soon those bitter weeks of trial would be only memories. "God help the girls who have to earn their living in a strange country," she thought, as the shrill siren announced their departure. She was overjoyed to be going home. The last letter had told her that her father's leg was nearly well. "Truly," she thought, "the help of God is nearer than the door, and I'll be home just in time for Little Christmas, thank God!"

*****@*****

Greetings

Oh, may the New Year bring to thee,
Her favours many a one,
From day to day, from week to week,
Until her course is run.

And may she offer day to day
Rich blessings from her store
Of health and wealth and happiness—
What could one wish you more?

Oh, naught save this—for this is all
And much worth more than they—
God's love be set within your soul
Thro' ev'ry night and day!

His blessing on the deed you do,
His presence ever near,
His grace about you ev'ry day
Thro' all the passing year!

E. P. DOWLING.

Vienna's ~ ~ Stefansdom

JAMES BLACKIE

Upon one of the stones, now built into the fabric of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, an Irish Saint was martyred. This is only one of the many strange facts linked with this famous church which has been well called "a love-song in stone." :: ::



STEFANSDOM, VIENNA.

An impressive view of the exterior
of the Cathedral.

GUIDES are proverbial all the world over for telling "tall" stories to credulous and gullible tourists. But if a guide were to meet you in Vienna's famous Cathedral, the renowned Stefansdom, and were to tell you that on one of the stones, now built into the fabric, an Irish saint was once beheaded, he would be telling you only the truth. And since the story is really stranger than fiction, it may well serve as a preface to an unconventional account of what has well been called "a love-song in stone."

Coleman, a prince of the royal blood, was a very pious young man, though we don't usually associate piety with princes. However, Coleman lived a long time ago, and that may have something to do with it. And then he was an Irish prince, and that may have even more to do with it. At any rate, being a very pious young man, he decided to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. And that is proof positive of his piety, for in those days—it was the beginning of the eleventh century—a pilgrimage to the Holy Land was no pleasure-cruise. Nevertheless, undaunted by the perils of the way, Coleman set off and started to tramm his way across Europe. But whep

he got as far as Stockerau in Austria, he got into difficulties. Austria was at war with Hungary, and naturally the Austrians were a little suspicious of this strange young man who could talk no German but could only wave his hands when they asked him questions. So, as might be expected in the circumstances, they decided that he was a spy. And having settled all that to their complete satisfaction they cut his head off. And Coleman ended his pilgrimage in the Heavenly Jerusalem. But then strange things began to happen. They hung his body on a tree outside the town to be devoured by birds of prey. But the birds wouldn't touch it. So then they buried it—and immediately all sorts of lovely flowers sprang up on the grave. Then the Danube overflowed and covered the whole countryside except that one grave. So they started to make enquiries.

and found someone who could read the papers which Coleman had brought with him. And later he was canonized, and the stone on which he was beheaded, was put into the building of the Cathedral in Vienna.

This Cathedral—the Stefansdom as they call it there—is very interesting in itself, apart altogether from the story of St. Coleman. It has seen many strange things happen since that day long ago when it was opened with due solemnity by Bishop Reginhart of Passau. That was in the reign of Duke Henry Jasomirgott, 1147 to be exact. It has seen Vienna change hands, one time under the Austrians, then the Hungarians, then the Austrians back again. In 1529 the Turks came right up to Vienna, and again in 1683. This second time they fired over a thousand cannon-balls at the Stefansdom. But that wasn't the only adventure in the life of the old church. It was hit by lightning several times, and it was on fire twice. The strangest thing of all about it is that it is a Gothic church which was once Roman. The original building that was opened in 1147 was pure Roman, but it was injured by fire in 1193 and again in 1258. So Przemysl Ottokar, being a very good man in spite of his unpronounceable name, decided to rebuild it. He also decided to change its style by bringing a few touches of the new Gothic. And then Rudolph of Hapsburg came along and conquered Ottokar and put his son Albrecht in charge of the building operations. They next decided to enlarge the church, and they kept adding pieces to it till 1340. And then Rudolph IV decided to make the church the burial-place of the Hapsburgs. So, of course, they had to make it nicer, and on 7th April, 1359, they laid the foundation-stone for the new building. When they finished that, or at any rate, as much of it as they did finish, the old Roman church had changed its character and become Gothic. But of course they didn't finish there. They added renaissance bits to it. As a matter of fact they haven't finished yet. The original plan was to have a church with two spires, which was a good Gothic idea. But when they got one spire built they found that Gothic was going out of fashion. And anyway they had no more money. So they just left it at that. Maybe it's just as well, for that one spire of the Stefansdom is the loveliest in the world. As you turn at different points in the city, in the Neuen Market or the Liliengasse or the Praterstrasse and glimpse its lovely lines in the sky, you catch your breath with the beauty of it, and you begin to think of Vienna as the city built round the Stefansdom.

Closer up there are some very interesting points to be noted. And a good point about those points is that you don't need to be an architect to appreciate



The unfinished Belfry Tower,
Stefansdom, Vienna.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

them. For one thing, the roof of the nave is a lot higher than that of the chancel. But you wouldn't notice it at first, for the spire distracts you. And the queer thing about the spire is that it is quite separate from the church, at once recalling Italy and the campanili. It reminds you that Vienna really is the point of fusion of the cultures of the North and South.

Of course the outside of the whole building is covered with really fine ornamentation. There is a very beautiful relief showing a scene from the life of St. Paul, over the Singers-door, and another of the Death of the Blessed Virgin, over the Bishop's-door, and statues of saints in niches everywhere, and statues of archdukes and archduchesses and other great people who had something to do with the church. Though most of them didn't do much except get buried there. And lots of statues of nobody in particular, that really satisfy me most, because I know that they're put there to make the place beautiful and not to remind me of someone in whom I'm not a bit interested. Then too, you can't make a mistake if someone asks you who they are. But I can't mention them all, because the Editor probably wouldn't let me.

If you go in through the west-door, you will be going in through the only Roman door in the world that has a Gothic arch. At least I've never heard of another. The inner door leading from the porch to the nave is one of the loveliest examples of late Roman. Within the church itself you can hardly see anything at all at first, it is so dark. That has its disadvantages too, if you want to examine details. You've got to go round peering at everything. And

that must be an awful nuisance for people who want to "do" things in a hurry. Even for those who are content to take their time, it's hard to see things properly in the dark. But still I think the subdued, and subduing half-light, has a great deal to do with the peace of the Stefansdom. And it is the most peaceful church I have ever been in. I know other churches that are very quiet, St. Peter's in Rome, for example. But St. Peter's is quiet because it is so big. And it's quiet even when there is quite a good number of people in it. But it's not peaceful, merely empty. You go wandering round wondering when you're going to get lost, and sometimes you feel that you're in a desert land "where no one comes, nor has come since the making of the world." But the Stefansdom is different. You don't care if you do get lost. You're quite content to stay there.

When you come in you are under the organ-loft, where Haydn sang as a choir-boy, and Mozart was once choir-master. And, as you look along the pillared aisle to the high-altar, you can't help noticing the stained-glass windows, which really are beautiful, not like the blotched monstrosities frequently to be seen. Then you should stop to examine the pulpit. It is one of the loveliest examples of late Gothic work in existence. It is shaped like a chalice, and round the cup, or pulpit itself are the figures of the four Fathers of the Western Church.

And then you can go out through the side door, the one they call the Bishop's-door, though, maybe, you don't want to go out just yet. And there you can see the stone that we talked about in the beginning, the one on which St. Coleman was beheaded. And so good-bye to the Stefansdom. By that time you will know why it has been called "a love-song in stone."

Passionist Retreats



(ST. PATRICK'S PROVINCE)

DECEMBER, 1936.

St. Patrick's Refuge, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin	Fr. Edmund.
Business Girls, The Convent, Baldoy, Co. Dublin	Fr. Austin.
Boys' Guild, Holy Cross, Glasgow	Fr. Cormac.
Do. Barrhead, Glasgow	Fr. Victor.
Girls, The Convent, Charlotte Street, Glasgow	Fr. Victor.
Children of Mary, St. Mungo's, Glasgow	Fr. Vivian.
Archconfraternity, St. Mungo's, Glasgow	Fr. Vivian.
Presentation Brothers, Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh	Fr. Casimir.
Christian Brothers, Derry	Fr. Frederick.
Do. Carlow	Fr. Ephrem.
Do. Wexford	Fr. Austin.
Do. Artane, Dublin	Fr. Kieran.
Ursuline Sisters, St. Joseph's, Sligo	Fr. Ignatius.
Sisters of St. Louis, Middletown, Co. Armagh	Fr. Richard.
Presentation Sisters, Mullingar, Co. Westmeath	Fr. Fabian.
Sisters of Mercy, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone	Fr. Kieran.
Do. Cookstown, Co. Tyrone	Fr. Sebastian.
Do. Crumlin Road, Belfast	Fr. Gerald.
Do. Downpatrick, Co. Down	Fr. Ephrem.
Do. Lurgan, Co. Armagh	Fr. Isidore.
Do. Carrdonagh, Co. Donegal	Fr. Casimir.
Do. Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal	Fr. Michael.
Do. Newcastle West, Co. Limerick	Fr. Christopher.
Do. Cahir, Co. Tipperary	Fr. Frederick.
Do. Trim, Co. Meath	Fr. Daniel.
Do. Rochfortbridge, Co. Westmeath	Fr. Herman.
Do. S. Heart Home, Roscommon	Fr. Alexis.
Do. Castlerea, Co. Roscommon	Fr. Austin.
Do. Strokestown, Co. Roscommon	Fr. Oliver.
Do. Boyle, Co. Roscommon	Fr. Gerard.
Do. Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim	Fr. Hilary.
Do. Carrick-on-Suir, Co. Waterford	Fr. Edmund.
Do. Kilbeggan, Co. Westmeath	Fr. Colman.

Discontent and Mrs. Winyard

..........
HILARY BANNON

..........
*She could go to pictures and
dances. A harsh laugh broke
from her dry lips. What did
such things matter to her now?
They were empty—meaningless.
Her baby had been all the world
to her : : : : : :*
..........

YOUNG Mrs. Winyard sat before the cosy fire, trying to soothe the fretful crying of her twelve months old baby, Bernard. She patted his back gently, murmuring the sweet meaningless words that only true mothers know how to utter. The whimpering ceased at last. Mrs. Winyard began a low crooning lullaby. The baby slept. For another minute or two she rocked him, then carefully she arose, and tip-toeing to the cot, gently laid him down. She settled him comfortably among his pillows, then pulled up the little blankets carefully, and finally stretched her cramped arms above her head.

A sigh escaped her as she re-seated herself before the fire and took up a book to read. But her eyes did not focus on the printed words, instead she gazed into the heart of the fire and her thoughts wandered at will.

It was not fair, she mused, that she should be tied here day after day, week after week, doing the same things always, the housework, looking after Robert and Baby Bernard. Not that she did not love both her husband and the child. She certainly did, and was quite justly proud of the baby, with his sturdy limbs, his big blue eyes and his golden curls. But after all, babies were a tie, and the men-folks seemed to get off so lightly. They never seemed to feel it, or even to realise that at times their wives might suffer from boredom. Before their marriage, she and Robert had planned to have such good times together. They had had too, and great had been their joy and excitement over the advent of Baby Bernard. But now, at times, Mrs. Winyard felt rather tied. To-night, for example, was the Parochial Reunion. All her friends would be there. She too, was to have gone. Mrs. Johnstone, her kindly next-door neighbour, had offered to come in and look after baby, whilst both Mr. and Mrs. Winyard were away. It would have been the first Whist Drive and Dance Mrs. Winyard had been to since wee Bernard's coming. She had so looked forward to it, and now baby was ill and she had been unable to leave him.

Tears of chagrin and disappointment stood in her eyes, and she bit her lip to hold them back. Of course, Robert had to be there, he was M.C., but it really was lonely sitting here hour after hour. Robert was out all day, seeing fresh faces, talking to fresh people. She was still young, only twenty-four, and the fire of youth was strong in her veins.

She tip-toed over to the cot again. Wee Bernard was still sleeping, but his face was very flushed. She did hope it was nothing serious, he had been so healthy up to now. For a moment she hung over him, then she went back to the fire, and re-seating herself, leaned her head among the cushions.

* * * * *
Baby Bernard was dead. The funeral over. Mr. and Mrs. Winyard were in the house alone. The last of the sympathisers had departed. How quiet everything seemed—and bare. A kindly neighbour had thoughtfully removed the cot and pram, that they might not be a more poignant reminder to the grief-stricken parents. There they sat, silently, one on each side of the fireplace. Mr. Winyard took up a paper and made a pretence at reading. Mrs. Winyard, sitting with idle hands upon her lap, watched the leaping flames. No wee woolly

garments to knit now, no buttons to replace, which busy baby fingers had pulled off. No fretful crying to soothe.

A sob rose to her throat, and the hot tears rained fast down her pale cheeks. Mr. Winyard went over, and seating himself upon the arm of the chair his wife occupied, put his arms around her shoulders.

"There, there," he said, tenderly, "don't cry, Tess. It had to be, you know. God must have thought it wisest. We did all we could to save him." He paused a moment. "God knows we shall miss the little chap" he said at length.

How long the succeeding days seemed to Mrs. Winyard. The housework, done listlessly, seemed to be finished in next to no time. And still, after many days, she would pause in her work, as if listening for that dear wee voice cooing or crying "Mam, mam, mam."

Nothing now but empty silence. Long, long, weary days. She had thought at one time that the days with baby were boring. Now she realised how happy and busy they had been. A well-meaning neighbour had said to her :

"Never mind, Mrs. Winyard. I know you are bound to feel your loss just now, but you will soon get over it and forget. You must go out more, the pictures, dances. You are young, and you will have plenty of time now."

The other woman was a childless widow, and Mrs. Winyard turned a look of pity upon her. Forget ! She—forget her beautiful baby, Bernard. As though she could ever do that. She could go to pictures and dances. A harsh laugh broke from her dry lips. What did such things matter to her. All these were empty—meaningless. Her baby had been all the world to her. She paused. Was the neighbour so very far wrong after all ? Had she not sometimes pitied herself for always being kept indoors in the evenings ? The night of the Parochial Dance, for example, had she not wished most earnestly, that she were free to go ? Well, she was free now, but of what use was that freedom ? She no longer wanted it, she felt that she never wanted to go to a picture or to a dance again. The dead loneliness of the days oppressed her. All she wanted was her baby.

"Baby, baby Bernard, darling" she sobbed, "why did I ever for one moment think you a tie ?"

* * * * *

A cry arose, a fretful, whimpering cry. Mrs. Winyard started up and looked dazedly at the corner from whence the cry had come. Why, there was the cot, there before her very eyes. She ran quickly across the room. Baby Bernard was awake, and crying. He was actually there in the very flesh. It had been a horrible nightmare that she had lost him. Quickly she took the little one in her arms, hugging him, kissing him, feeling his little limbs to make sure that he was really there. Then she went back to her chair by the fire. Her throat felt full as though she would choke. Tears of joy stood in her eyes. At length, still clasping close that beloved form, she sank upon her knees. A prayer rose up before the Throne of God.

"Oh thank You, Jesus mine," she whispered, "thank You for sparing my baby to me, and for showing me how foolish and selfish I was. Never, never again will I be discontented, or dare to call the greatest gift You can give to us poor humans, a 'tie'."

*****@*****

Eternity

I will not fear ! The desert drear
A royal trail must needs enfold . . .
The cactus-brake for me shall make
A garden gay with red and gold.

I will not dread ! What lies ahead
The false mirage may fade, or worse ;
But still I know, where'er I go,
I cannot lose God's universe.

I will not weep ! Before me sweep
The Plains of all Eternity—
Free to my feet, which yet may meet
Some trail in Time denied to me.

I will not flinch ! Though inch by inch
Dries up what cannot be restored,
Alone I ride, faint heart defied . . .
Who was so lonely as my Lord ?

THOMAS J. McELLIGOTT.

“We Preach Christ Crucified”



“unto them that
are called . . .
the power of God and
the wisdom of God.”

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XXV.—JESUS CROWNED WITH THORNS.

Pilate had not returned when the lictors, exhausted, dropped their whips, wiped their sweating faces, and declared they had had enough of the scourging—they were not considering their Victim, Whose lacerated Body, in pain unspeakable, was bleeding away the sins of the world. But the soldiers who had only been spectators were not tired of the pastime of torture, and they could see that the dominating priests were not satisfied either.

The guard on duty at the trial had heard Jesus accused of calling Himself a King, and to Pilate's question: “Art Thou a King?” had heard His answer, “I am.” So now, the scourging over, and Pilate still absent, and no one to care what they did, they concocted a piece of devilment of their own, to pass the time.

“Then the soldiers of the Governor, taking Jesus into the hall, gathered unto Him the whole band” (Matt. XXVII, 27).

Some of that band had been at the arrest in Gethsemane and had been laid prostrate at the feet of Jesus by His word; and when He allowed them to rise, had seen Him heal the ear Peter had cut off. The story had circulated in the barracks, and now when they saw Jesus seemingly unable to defend Himself, they deemed Him some trickster, found out and exposed. Ashamed at having been victimised, and probably laughed at by their comrades, they now retaliated by humiliating Jesus before the whole band.

Taking Jesus into the hall, away from the people, where they could have Him to themselves, “they clothed Him in purple, put a scarlet cloak about Him, and plaiting a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His right hand. And bowing the knee before Him, they mocked Him, saying: ‘Hail King of the Jews’” (Mark, XV, 17; Matt., XXVII, 28-29). . . . It was atrocious!

Twice before, the Jews in real earnest, would have crowned Jesus King had He let them. St. John tells us that after the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, “these men when they saw the miracle Jesus had worked,” determined to crown Him there and then whether He would or not. . . . “Jesus therefore when He knew that they would come to take Him by force and make Him King, fled into the mountain” (VI, 15). . . . On Palm Sunday “the whole multitude began with joy to praise God with loud voices, saying: “**Blessed be the King, Who cometh in the name of the Lord**” (Luke, XIX, 38). They would then have crowned Him in the Temple, but He having “viewed all things round about,” left them and their Temple without saying one single word!

He was the King of eternal glory—Creator of the universe—Heaven His Throne—Omnipotence His sceptre—Untrammelled Will and the angel hosts, His servants—the earth His footstool. . . . And now men mocked Him, bent the knee before Him in derision, “and spitting upon Him they took the reed and struck His head”—perhaps that's how you, yourself, have used the strength and free will He has given you!

Our Blessed Lord came to atone for our sins, and to teach us how to merit for ourselves a place in His heavenly Kingdom. In each of His varied sufferings we find some relation to the different species of sin He was atoning for; and from His sufferings we should learn to restrain ourselves from further sin, and to endure sufferings for our past sins, and better still, to suffer simply for the love of Him, Who suffered solely for love of us.

Jesus suffered in His head, because the head is the workshop of the mind. Every sin is first committed in the mind; and many sins that never are, or could never be accomplished, are committed in thought and desire. Indeed, such sins are the more numerous, because they can be indulged in, at any conscious moment and in any place; and being unknown, they involve no shame from public opinion or censure.

But even laying aside the grosser sins of thought, consider the prevalence of the meaner little conceits of the mind; the petty pride, the small jealousies, the vain ambitions, the affectations, the snobbery of so many who are too pious, or too cowardly, to commit grievous sin.

Ambition to be like Christ is indeed a very great virtue, and if followed up in practice will lead to highest sanctity, **but such ambition must suffer the crown of thorns here**, and be subjected to persecution and mockery, and reach the goal, as Jesus did, through much humiliation.

Jesus Christ is our King; King of the world to-day; all men are His subjects, although all do not serve Him. He came on earth to find subjects worthy of His heavenly Kingdom; and as it was love, and love only, that urged Him, so love must be the motive in His subjects. Had He come in His glory with the wealth and power and majesty of heaven's omnipotent King, He would have found a world full of selfish, flattering, obsequious subjects; but to come humble, live poor, and be crowned with thorns and laughed at; and thus to find subjects willing to follow Him in pain and degradation, would be a proof that they loved Him and were worthy of a place in His heavenly Kingdom of love.

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

*Every sin you committed, you had already consented to, in your mind.
And what sins you thought of, and had no opportunity to commit!
Jesus was crowned with thorns to atone for sins your mind conceived.
Your conceit, pride, ambition: Jesus thorn-crowned, humiliated.
Christ is King: to Him every knee shall bow in heaven, earth and hell.
"If you suffer for Him, you shall also reign with Him."*

PRAYER.

O Jesus, that crown of thorns, and the racking pain of that headache! "Wounded for our iniquities, bruised for our sins." Insulted and mocked, yet bearing it all with humility, gentleness and patience.

And we grumble impatiently, and are so indignant under humiliations. . . . We are so conceited with our well-dressed heads and our bad thoughts; with our best clothes like a scarlet mantle covering a multitude of sins.

O Jesus, King of the Jews, King of Heaven, and King of the earth, King of love. My God and my eternal King, purify my mind of bad thoughts; bow the knee of my petty conceits; pull down my pride; and strengthen me to endure humiliations, that sharing them with Thee here, I may receive a crown of glory in Thy Kingdom of Heaven.

REV. FR. HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

V. Rev. Canon Joyce, P.P.; Rev. Dominic Mangan, O.D.C.; Rev. M. J. Downey, C.S.Sp.; Mary Anne Harte (Mother of Rev. Fr. Finian, C.P.); John Keane, Mary Ellen Kelly, Julia Shelley, Sarah Byrne, Elizabeth Higgins, Hubert Kenny, Ellen Carrick, Francis McDonnell, Catherine Gallagher, Patrick Joseph Kelly.

Work for Idle Hands

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TOMAS O BEARAIN

The boy in the slums craves for friendship, sympathy, understanding. And it is because this is being denied to him that he grows into a disillusioned—if not actually criminal—man :: ::

THERE is a new awakening in the land. The Feast of Christ the King saw a great concourse in Dublin determined to have nothing to do with Communism. The newspapers and the Citizens' Housing Committee have been pointing out to the Irish Christian that his treatment of his fellow-Christians as far as housing is concerned has been anything but Christian. Moreover, things have been getting worse in the slums, instead of better.

In Ireland we can pride ourselves on having perhaps the most patient slum population in Europe. At long last the patience is wearing thin. The marvel is that it has been so long about it. There is a new restiveness among the slum-dwellers. This restiveness, translated to drastic action, is what is called Communism. Our Christians are pledged to fight this Communism. The moral is obvious: remove the restiveness by righting the wrongs, and there will be no Communism.

The newspapers have horrified the public mind with their disclosures of the physical filth in which so many human beings are compelled to live and bring up their families in the fear and love of God. No mention has been made of the moral surroundings of these unfortunate people. Perhaps public opinion could not bear to hear it. We have tender stomachs. We prefer to sit and talk of the Lamp of Faith burning so brightly for fifteen hundred years—an untended lamp, of course!

For the newly-awakened Christian there are two things to do. There is a Christian State to be built. There is also the job of breaking down the class barriers and getting to know the people of the slums. In social work for any of the great Catholic Action Societies which do such great good he will see the people from whom Matt Talbot came. He will see many other things beside.

Most good can be done where the greatest need for good work lies. There is one section of the community that has been shamefully neglected, not alone in Dublin, but throughout Ireland, namely, the slum boy. Even those groups who are most energetic in other branches of Catholic activity have quite definitely ignored this most important of all social questions.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, whose constitution specifically prescribes work for the slum boy, manages three Boys' Clubs in Dublin, dealing in all with about a hundred boys. This is a sorry attempt when contrasted with the enormous amount done by the Society in other fields. A new venture is the Club for messenger boys, run by the past pupils of the Catholic University School. All the newsboys of Dublin, about 160 of them, are looked after by some of the past pupils of Belvedere College. And that is all.

In other words, Dublin cares for from 250-300 of its street-urchins. There are more than that in Gloucester-street alone. Of course there are plenty of organisations for dealing with the better class of boy. But that is to be expected, isn't it?

At any rate there is something peculiar in this boycott of work for the slum boy: the working boy, the newsboy and the idle boy. It can't all be laziness. Perhaps it is plain ignorance. Whatever is the reason nearly every "Old Boys" Union of our Catholic secondary schools, all the Catholic Action Societies and many other groups have unhesitatingly turned down every suggestion for doing something for these boys. It has not been the question of expense; the greatest

authority on the Dublin slum boy, Father T. Ryan, S.J., remarked once that all you need is a shed and the will to make friends with a few boys. But the will has been lacking.

The easiest gift of all to share is the gift of friendship. It is friendship, sympathy, understanding that the slum boy craves for with a terrifying appetite. And it is because this is being denied to him at home, at school, at work, everywhere, that he grows into a disillusioned, if not actually criminal, man. And that is fit breeding-ground for your Communist to work on. Will you say that the best way for curing the evil is by killing the Communist? Perhaps so, but all sorts of undesirables will try to raise terrible crops there as well. Let all the white-washed anti-Communists drain this swamp if they are sincere, for unless they do a plague will arise from it that will sweep away all that we hold most dear. Even now, the new pagans are working there, spreading their damnable doctrine, the doctrine that restraint in anything is ridiculous, and their fruits are beginning to ripen.

To many it may appear strange, this craving of the slum boy for friendship. That he will ask you for an old pair of shoes or fourpence for a haircut they can understand and expect. But the truth is that very few boys will ask for any material thing provided they have your understanding and sympathy. That is because they are starved for friendship.

This arises from their lives. You must imagine a boy of, say, just fourteen. His father is unemployed and hopeless, whose nerves are in shreds because the world holds nothing, absolutely nothing, for him. He is irritable. He has a large family: there are perhaps six or seven children in the miserable room. Also there are a couple married, and unemployed, and a couple more who are dead. His wife, who must mind and fend for them, drinks now and then, to keep herself sane. And then she and her husband fight, with the children looking on. Often there is no food ready for the boy when he comes home from school. He has a cup of tea and runs off. He hates school, for who could work at home with that crowd of screaming children? And so the master has a down on him.

He feels lonely, out of everything. When he leaves school on his fourteenth birthday there is nothing for him to do, except to wander round helplessly, looking for a job. The man who tells you that the average unemployed person doesn't want to work is either a criminal or an idiot. There is a gang, of course, in the street, not an innocent gang. He joins because his pals are members. The leaders are older boys who have been made into criminals. He is dragged willy-nilly through dreadful experiences of vice: thieving, immorality and deceit. He looks around, for someone to take an interest in him. But there is no one. Everyone is too busy throwing bottles. Perhaps he ends cleanly in a hospital ward, eaten by consumption. So many do.

Or if his parents have sunk to the lowest grade he will be a newspaper boy, those cheerful little fellows that stand at the windy corners in every weather. By hard work he makes perhaps a shilling a night. This he gives to his mother. It helps her to pay the rent and buy a little drink. Then he goes out and plays with his pals. Sometimes he meets them before he gets home. They play "banker" and often he loses all his money, even his modest capital of a shilling or two. On those nights he is afraid to go home. His mother would beat him, for he is the only one who earns in the family. And so he sleeps out in the hallway of some tenement, without food or covering, surrounded by all the vermin, human and animal, that throng around the hallways and the streets, all during the night. A little piece of flotsam, he is washed this way and that by every wave that comes. Not confined, in his calling, by any set hours or places he becomes nomadic, wild and irresponsible. And not from any inherent badness he often finds himself in the most terrible situations.

Or suppose he is lucky and gets a job, as a messenger boy. He has a heavy

bicycle to push for the most unbelievable hours. His boss is unsympathetic ; any little restiveness on the boy's part and he gets the sack ; it is so easy to get another boy. It is not independence that makes this lad throw up his job so quickly, but simply sheer exhaustion. Such killing work for such long hours for five to eight shillings a week and no prospects, is more than he can stand. And when he goes home without his job, there is trouble, plenty of it. And then, remember that the hours a messenger boy works, particularly on Saturdays, forbid of his going to Confession.

So many of these boys, too, are foundlings or unwanted children, farmed out. Their foster-parents are often kind, but they can never take the place of those who were father and mother to them. And anyhow, they are not always kind.

You can imagine without much difficulty the terrible ordeal that life is to the slum boy, quite apart from the fact that he is half-starved and in rags. Perhaps you know how sensitive the poor are and how easy it is to wound deeply these young spirits who strive so eagerly after happiness in spite of the squalor around them. Then you will readily understand how they will cherish any friendship offered to them, they who are starved of all affection. But they are timid, and if once repulsed they will never ask again. And they grow into hardened and embittered men, and a perpetual menace to any ordered society. That is where the Communist and the new pagan can do their beastly work most effectively. That is where they are doing it. For the boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow. If to-day the boys are denied Christianity, then to-morrow the men will look for a substitute.

In striking contrast is the boy who has a real, a spiritual friendship in his life, the friendship that a Catholic social worker can give. At first the boy may be shy, sullen or deceptively cheerful. After a while he will grow more open in his manner, more refined and more genuinely gay. Quite naturally he will tell his friend of his troubles and he will try not to do things that his friend wouldn't like him to do. He does not always succeed, for a boy between the age of thirteen and eighteen goes through a very trying period. When he meets new sensations and ideas he is not always careful. But at any rate he will try, and that is the main thing. All the affection that a squalid home repels in him he diverts to one who chooses to become his friend. There is a striking instance of this. A boy in hospital is dying. He is unconscious all the day and is unable to recognise his relatives. But once each day, when his friend, a social worker, comes to see him, he revives and even talks. He relapses into coma when the visit is over. And so it is for a week, until he dies.

Boys brought under such Christian influence become amazingly attractive. There is a jollity about them, a sense of fun, a bantering gayness that startles you by its very sincerity. There is an exhilaration about playing with these urchins, talking with them, praying with them, that is a rare thing. In spite of the lives that they lead they are so much like other boys, even as you remember yourself to have been. In the books they read, and many read voraciously, you will see how strong the likeness is. Every book, from school stories to Ballantyne, and from "William" to the "Scarlet Pimpernel," are as popular with slum boys as with other boys, wealthier boys. It is a truism, one that the average man easily overlooks, to say that the slum boy is principally a boy. And he must be handled as carefully as other boys.

These little moral tales are not intended to enliven a wet Sunday. They are the commonplaces of life in what we may call the hidden Dublin. Their effects are not for to-day, but for the future. Talking about the future is rather dull, but it is necessary. We owe it a duty. And we owe these boys a duty to make their lives in the present a little less miserable. They will play their parts if we play ours. Also we owe ourselves a duty to ensure that the stunted manhood of the hidden Dublin will be a clean and Christian thing, not sour and Communistic and pagan.

Catechism of the Passion

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Translated
from the Italian
by a
Passionist Father

1. *Why do we say in the "Creed" that Jesus Christ suffered and died under Pontius Pilate?*

The Apostles, not uninfluenced by divine inspiration, stated in the Creed that Jesus suffered and died under Pontius Pilate: (1) to make clear the fulfilment of the prophecy made by Jesus Himself when He said that He would be delivered to the Gentiles to be mocked, scourged and crucified (Matt. xx); (2) that the historical truth of the Passion and Death of Our Lord could be defended from all attacks. As a matter of fact, accounts of the more notable events which took place during each one's term of office were compiled by the Roman Governors and carefully preserved in the archives of the Senate in Rome. And so St. Justin was able to quote these words in his *Apologia*: "Jesus the Nazarene was fastened to the Cross with nails through His Hands and Feet," and he advised the pagans to consult the "Acts" of Pilate, preserved in the archives for further details.

2. *Why did Jesus Christ suffer and die?*

Jesus Christ Himself said to Nicodemus that "the Son of Man must be lifted up (on the Cross) that all who believe in Him may not perish but may have life everlasting." And the Church sings in the *Nicene Creed* that Jesus became Man, suffered and died "for us men and for our salvation."

3. *What are the principal symbols of the Passion?*

The principal symbols of the Passion are:

(1) The bronze serpent of which Christ said: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up" (John, iii).

(2) The standard of which Isaias speaks (ch. xi): "God shall raise up a sign to the nations"; (3) The symbol which best indicates the effects of the Passion is the rock cut from



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.
From a painting in SS. John and Paul's, Rome.

the mountain (Calvary) which struck the giant statue of Nabuchodonosor and broke it in pieces.

4. *What are the principal figures of the Passion?*

The first figure of the Passion was the ram sacrificed by Abraham, on Mount Moriah, where it had, like Jesus, its head enmeshed in thorns; the second figure was the Paschal Lamb (John xix); the third figure was the scapegoat which the High-priest burdened with the sins of the entire people and which was then driven forth amid a chorus of maledictions to perish outside the city.

5. *Which are the principal prophecies concerning the Passion?*

The principal prophecies concerning the Passion are to be found (1) in the



THE DENIAL OF PETER.
From the Passion Play of Oberammergau.

Psalms of David, who himself was a "type" (living figure) of Christ in His sufferings; (2) in the very long prophecy of Isaias, which is deservedly known as the "Proto-Passion"; (3) in the prophecy of Daniel, who predicts exactly the year, month, and day. David says of the Crucifixion: "They have dug my hands and feet" (Ps. xxi). Isaias calls Christ "The Man of Sorrows."

6. *Why did Jesus pray to be relieved from drinking the chalice of the Passion (Matt. xxvi; Luke xxii) although He had manifested His desire to drink it?*

Jesus prayed that the chalice of the Passion might pass from Him: (1) to give proof that He was really clothed in our flesh, thus confuting so many heretics who were to say that he had an imaginary and impassible body; (2) to teach the great distrust of ourselves, which we ought to have; (3) to merit by His fear, courage for so many martyrs throughout succeeding ages who were, for His sake, to suffer torture and death.

7. *Why did Jesus call Judas "Friend"?*

Jesus wished to call Judas by the name of friend: (1) because on his part He continued to be Judas' friend; (2) to soften the heart of Judas and so to restore friendship on Judas' part also; (3) to teach us the language which we should use towards our enemies.

8. *When the servant of the High-priest gave Jesus a blow (John xviii) why did*

Christ not present the other cheek as He had taught and commanded to be done?

Christ did a great deal more than He had taught and commanded; for, not only did He present His Face to blows and spittle, but He delivered His Head to the thorns, His Hands and Feet to the nails, and His whole Body to the scourges. When, therefore, He stopped the hand of the insulter, He wished to teach us that His words must not be understood literally, but should be taken in the sense that we must not seek revenge or be immoderate in legitimate self-defence.

9. *If Jesus prayed for Peter that his faith fail not (Luke xxii, 32) how are we to understand in St. Matthew (xxvi, 74) that Peter swore that he did not even know Him?*

Precisely in the denial of Peter, can we understand this. We can even see clearly the efficacy of the prayer of Jesus. Peter was within one step of falling into heresy, but he did not fall. He did not deny in fact that Jesus Christ was the Son of God; he denied only that he had knowledge of Him or information concerning Him.

10. *Why does St. Matthew (xxvi) say that Peter "wept bitterly" and Mark (xiv)—a disciple of Peter—that he "began to weep"?*

The disciple of Peter wished to make clear to us that Peter never ceased to weep for his perjury; and his tears were so copious that his eyes became bloodshot, and two furrows were formed in his cheeks, as we are told by Niceforus.

Exhumation of Ven. Dominic

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An account of the Solemn Ceremony of the Canonical Recognition of the remains of the Servant of God, Ven. Fr. Dominic, Passionist
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THE solemn ceremony of the Canonical Recognition of the remains of the Venerable Father Dominic, C.P., took place privately at St. Anne's, Sutton, Lancs., on Wednesday, November 4th, 1936. On October 26th last year, the Sacred Congregation of Rites had entrusted to His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool the duty of presiding over the identification and examination of the remains of the Venerable Servant of God. The necessary negotiations and preparations were then set on foot, and at 9 a.m. on November 4th, the solemn ceremony began.

The doors leading to the church, wherein are the crypt and tomb of Ven. Dominic, and to the Sacristy were locked and sealed. The Archbishop of Liverpool intoned the *Veni Creator* at the High Altar, then in the Sacristy various necessary documents were read by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. James Redmond, D.D., the Apostolic Notary for the Recognition. The Very Rev. Mgr. Adamson assisted the Archbishop, and Fr. L. Curry was Master of Ceremonies. At the instance of the Sub-Promoter of the Faith, the Very Rev. A. McCurdy, D.D., the oaths were taken by the official witnesses, the doctors and workmen, that they would faithfully discharge their respective functions.

The witnesses were the Very Rev. Fr. Brendan, C.P., Provincial, and Fr. Urban, C.P., well known as the Vice-Postulator of the Cause and the author of two books on the Servant of God and of one on Fr. Ignatius Spencer, C.P. Other Passionists present were the Rev. Fr. Leo, Provincial Consultor, who directed the legal formalities; the Very Rev. Fr. Joseph, Rector of St. Gabriel's Retreat, Ormskirk; the Very Rev. Fr. Arthur, Rector of St. Anne's Retreat, to whom the Sacred Congregation has entrusted the care of the Relics; and the Rev. Fr. Martin, who for several months has been the Vice-Postulator's secretary for the various preliminary negotiations and conferences, and on this occasion was officially known as Sacristan, and responsible for the practical preparations.

The doctors were Dr. Basil N. Murphy, president of the Liverpool Guild of SS. Cosmas and Damian, Mr. J. Bagot Oldham, F.R.C.S., and Dr. T. R. O'Keeffe. Dr. O'Brien represented the local Medical Officer of Health and the Home Office.

In the crypt Mr. E. Hamilton and Mr. E. Borrows began the work of taking down the sarcophagus in the presence of the company, until finally the black outer coffin was visible. Through time the binding cords had partly decayed, but their red seals were still tolerably clear. The lid of the coffin was reverently removed. It was then discovered that the inner coffin had greatly decayed and fallen in, but beneath its remaining boards the remains of the holy Passionist lay at rest and undisturbed. The ligaments had perished and the flesh had crumpled into dust, but the skeleton was perfect and its parts in position.

Owing to the danger to the sacred remains that might result from attempting to transfer them in the broken coffin to the Sacristy, as had been intended, His Grace instructed that their examination be made in the crypt. With all reverence and care, the doctors enumerated, identified and transferred each bone to a white silk-covered "coffin-board," afterwards to be lowered into a new coffin with its "sacred burden."

The new oak coffin, with its brass crucifix and breast-plate, was the work of Messrs. Fyans and Gordon of Manchester. The lining of white ecclesiastical silk, had been prepared by Miss A. Travers, Mrs. W. Fyans and Miss P. Fyans (Manchester), and finished by the Sisters of the Passionist Convent, Sutton. A zinc shell, made by Mr. A. Kerrigan, Manchester, lined the oak coffin. Mr. W. Fyans and Mr. A. Kerrigan took part in the Recognition.



VENERABLE DOMINIC OF THE MOTHER OF GOD.
 Founder of the Passionists in England.

The remains of Ven. Dominic were at length reverently lowered into the new coffin and covered with a white linen cloth and with the Passionist habit, made by Mr. J. Kennan, St. Helens. The zinc coffin was soldered, the oak lid screwed down and sealed, and Ven. Dominic's remains re-laid to rest in the tomb.

In the days to come between this and that happy day when the Catholics of England will, by God's favour, call him "Blessed," loving pilgrims—and particularly the people, old and young, of this privileged parish of St. Anne's—will pray around this same tomb, asking his intercession for themselves and for "his own beloved England" and begging God to deign to hasten his Beatification. To these, his present clients, and to the many others who are still to experience his power with God and the Mother of God (for he was "Dominic of the Mother of God"), it will be of interest to learn of the progress already made towards his Beatification.

Fr. Dominic died in the odour of sanctity on August 27, 1849. In less than ten years he merited to be called "Servant of God." Witnesses were examined in Italy, Belgium and England, and after the Church's usual minute and rigorous investigation his reputation for sanctity and miracles was firmly established.

His writings were collected and as rigorously examined and were found to contain increased evidence of extraordinary holiness and deep learning. The Sacred Congregation of Rites having passed this favourable judgment, the Supreme Pontiff, Pius X, in 1911, graciously permitted the Introduction of the Apostolic Process and conferred on Fr. Dominic the title of "Venerable."

The remaining stages towards Beatification include three sessions of the Sacred Congregation enquiring into the heroicity of the Ven. Servant of God's virtues in detail, and likewise three sessions to examine the individual miracles attributed to his intercession. At the last of each of these three sessions the Holy Father presides. On February 19 of last year His Holiness Pope Pius XI ratified the favourable verdict of the second (sometimes called the preparatory) session of the S.C.R. on the heroicity of Ven. Dominic's virtues.

Fr. Dominic's clients will increase their prayers that God in His goodness may continue to bless and enlighten those who work for their patron's beatification, and that the people he loved may yet call him "Blessed."

***** ⑤ *****

Passionist Missions and Retreats

(ST. JOSEPH'S PROVINCE)

SEPTEMBER—DECEMBER, 1936.

Tudhoe, Spennymore	FF. Benignus and George.
Douai Abbey—Community	Fr. Norbert.
Children—Sacred Heart Convent, Roehampton	Fr. Leo.
C.O.M., St. Patrick's, Leeds	Fr. Oswald.
Waldergrove Road, Becontree, Essex.	Fr. Conleth.
St. Patrick's, Huddersfield	FF. Killian, Leonard, Paul Francis.
St. Ann's Home, Portobello Road, W.10 (Girls)	Fr. Alphonsus.
St. Mary's, Birchley	Fr. Norbert.
St. Teresa's, Sutton Manor	Fr. Alphonsus.
Sacred Heart, St. Helens	FF. Joseph, Romuald, Clement.
St. Anne's, Sutton	FF. Leonard and Conleth.
St. Joseph's, Hunslet, Leeds	FF. Stanislaus and Oswald.
Mare Street, Hackney—Nurses	Fr. Leo.
Society P.S.M., Clerkenwell Road (Community)	Fr. Urban.
Derbyshire Hill, St. Helens	Fr. Alphonsus.
St. Aloysius College, Highgate (Boys)	Fr. Sylvester.
Higher Broughton, Manchester	Fr. Oswald.
Doncaster	FF. Stanislaus and Leonard.
Crossgates, Leeds	Fr. Paul Francis.
St. Wilfrid's, Bishop Auckland	FF. Xavier and Norbert.
St. Raphael's, Barvin Park, Potters Bar	Fr. Romuald.
St. Michael's, Manchester	Fr. Arthur.
Good Shepherd Convent, Penylan, Cardiff	Fr. Alfred.
Burtonwood, St. Helens	Fr. Alphonsus.
St. Oswald's, Coppul, nr. Chorley	Fr. Conleth.
St. Raphael's, Barvin Park, Potters Bar (Brothers)	Fr. Benignus.
Midsomer Norton, Downside	Fr. Romuald.
Bingley, Yorks	Fr. Killian.
Little Sisters of the Poor, Stoke Newington	Fr. Placid.
St. Patrick's, Sheffield	Fr. Leonard.
St. Joseph's, Paris, C.O.M.	Fr. Benignus.
St. Edmund's, Backworth, Northumberland	Fr. Leonard.
St. Anne's Convent, Newcastle-on-Tyne	Fr. Oswald.
Convent of Mercy, Clifford	Fr. Stanislaus.
St. Patrick's, Bradford, C.O.M.	Fr. Paul Francis.

United ~ in Death

.....
B. M. CASEY

.....
*The figure began to move again
and suddenly a machine-gun spat
viciously somewhere off down the
line. Jean watched with horror.
The gunner had spotted the moving
figure* :: :: :: ::
.....

IT was close on the hour of sunset on a fine June evening as two figures slowly climbed a small hill on the last of the city of Rome. It was not a very high hill, but it commanded a good view of the city and the surrounding countryside. Having reached the top, they seated themselves in a nook in the side of the hill facing the west, and prepared to wait till sunset, now close at hand.

They presented a curious contrast. The one was a tall, blue-eyed Bavarian of powerful frame and with a soldierly bearing, the other was a chubby little Frenchman from the Auvergne, but with an amount of energy and high spirits stored in his small frame.

Their names were Karl Zimmerman and Jean Latour, and both were students of the International College, Rome. Throughout their stay in Rome both had been fast friends, so much so that some had jokingly called it the "Franco-German Alliance." They had been ordained a few weeks before, and on to-morrow they were to part, Jean to take the boat to Marseilles and the train across the Cevennes to Clermont, and Karl to go by train through Italy, out by the Brenner Pass to his home near Munich.

Together they watched the sun go down in a fiery ball into the Tyrrhenian Sea, giving promise of another day of glorious sunshine. They had never grown tired of watching Italian sunsets, which seemed more glorious than anything they had seen in their native lands. They had sat in silence during all the time that the sun went down. Theirs was a friendship that needed no words of affection. Each was happy in the other's presence and took no pains to hide it, and they left it at that.

The German was the first to speak :

"Well, Jean, this is the last time we will see an Italian sunset together." His voice held a note of sorrow.

"Why the last?" the Frenchman asked, as he stood up to go. "For a long time, perhaps, but not the last. Some day, Karl, we will come back to see the old scenes. Rome is not so far after all. A couple of days by train. One can travel fast nowadays." He spoke fast to cover up his emotion. He felt the parting keenly. As a boy he was slow to make friends, but somehow this was different. Karl had become part of his life more than he thought.

The voice of his companion broke in upon his thoughts :

"Somehow, Jean, I think this will be the last. I do not know why I say it, but I feel that way." His voice was husky.

"Come on, Karl, let us go. We must not give way like that. We must be men. If we never meet again we can always write. It is getting cold and late, so we had better hurry back." Together they descended the hillside in silence, each one busy with his own thoughts.

* * * * *

It was Christmas week in the year 1916, and the snow lay heavy in the hills and valleys of Northern France. Jean Latour, priest of God and soldier of France, thought he had never felt so cold a winter even in his home in the Auvergne hills. For two years he had been fighting with the army defending Verdun, and had seen some of the worst fighting of the whole war.

For some hours now there had been a lull in the fighting. He felt weak and

tired, and sat on the firing-step of the trench to get a little rest. For days and nights past the incessant fighting had prevented any sleep. It was after mid-day, he guessed. Soon the short December day would give way to night, increasing the cold a hundredfold. Around him were his fellow-soldiers, each taking advantage of the breathing spell to take a rest. Some were already fast asleep, worn out by the cold and fatigue and lack of sleep. Only the sentries were at their posts, staring with sleepy eyes out across "no-man's-land."

Jean pulled the collar of his coat around his ears, lay back against the earthen side of the trench and was soon fast asleep. As he slept he dreamt of his home in the Auvergnès, of warm clothes and great fires of pine logs from the mountains, and such things as cold and hungry men are apt to dream about. He dreamt that the war was over and that he had gone away to a happier land. He didn't care where he went, anywhere was better than this blackened and war-scarred Lorraine.

He was aroused by a shout, and a staccato crackle of rifle-shots close to his ear. He jumped up and groped for his rifle. It was very dark. He must have slept for a long while. He jumped on the firing-step and took his place. The firing had stopped as suddenly as it began. He peeped carefully out across "no-man's-land." At first he could see nothing, but presently he thought he could see something move on the snow. As his eyes got used to the darkness he saw the figure of a man moving along on his stomach on the snow. Around about were several other figures all motionless. There must have been a trench raid he thought, while he slept.

He watched the figure move along slowly and carefully until it came to one of the motionless figures, where it stopped. He wondered what he was doing. At any moment a sniper might see him and then—Jean did not like to think what would happen. He had never got used to the sight of dead men. He watched the figure fascinated. It began to move again on to the next form that lay on the snow. And then it dawned on him that it might be a priest. He himself had often gone out to the wounded in "no-man's-land" to hear their confessions, and if possible to administer Extreme Unction. He knew the danger of being shot by friend and foe.

The figure began to move again, and then suddenly a machine-gun spat viciously somewhere off down the line. The gunner had spotted the moving figure. Jean watched with horror. Yes, the priest had been hit, if it was a priest at all. He saw the figure roll over on its back the way men do when they are wounded.

In a minute Jean made up his mind. Dropping his rifle against the trench wall he carefully climbed over the sand-bags and dropped down outside. He knew this was against orders, but a strange impulse made him do it to-night. After all he was a priest, and friend and foe were alike to him.

Carefully he crawled along. The firing had begun again. It was the machine-gunner who had started the trouble. Bullets began to dig into the snow around him. He moved on slowly. He knew he was fairly safe while the firing went on. Most of it was blind shooting. But there was always a chance. He raised himself a little to see where the figure lay. A bullet hit him in the chest and he dropped down with a groan.

For a while he lay almost insensible. Blood was coming from his mouth. He was badly wounded he knew. He was tempted to go back, but then he thought of the figure in the snow. With an effort he pulled himself along. When he was ready to drop from exhaustion his hand came in contact with something warm. He came closer and saw it was a wounded German. The figure moved and spoke something Jean could not catch, but in an instant he knew the voice, though in the darkness he could not see the face. It was the voice of Karl Zimmerman.

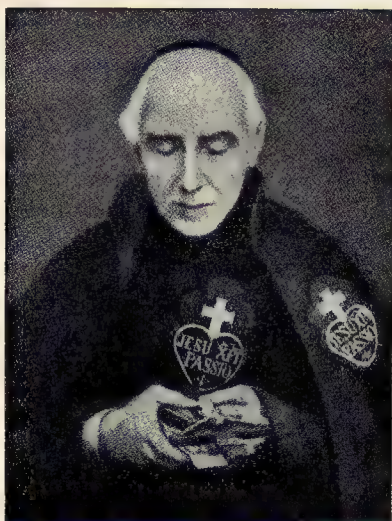
For a while they lay side by side, each breathing deeply. After a while Jean spoke :

"It is I am here, Karl, don't you remember me, Jean Latour—we met in Rome—don't you remember?"

At the sound of his voice Karl opened his eyes. And again Jean repeated what he said. Karl was scarcely able to speak, but he grasped Jean's hand and pressed it. And then, out in the lonely snows of "no-man's-land" each heard the other's confession, while all around the cannon boomed and the machine-guns spat out a hail of death. They had met again for the last time.

The Cause of Father Charles, C.P.

The Apostolic Process opened in Dublin



REV. FATHER CHARLES, C.P.

IN virtue of Remissorial letters sent by the Holy See to His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Apostolic Process of the Servant of God, Father Charles, Passionist, who died at Mount Argus on the eve of the Epiphany, 1893, has been established. The first Session took place at the Archbishop's House, Drumcondra, under the Presidency of the Most Rev. Dr. Byrne. The Court which will hold its Sessions to take evidence of witnesses, includes in addition to His Grace, as Judges, Ven. Archdeacon Grimes, P.P., St. Kevin's; Very Rev. Canon McMahon, President, Clonliffe College; Very Rev. Canon Sheehan, P.P., Terenure; Very Rev. Canon Fleming, P.P., D.Ph., Rathmines. The Sub-Promoters of the Faith are: Right Rev. Monsignor Canon Cronin, P.P., V.G., D.D., M.A., Rathgar, and Very Rev. Canon Flood, P.P., Arran Quay. The Notaries are: Rev. T. O'Donnell, B.D., and Rev. J. Cosgrave, B.A. The Vice-Postulator of the Cause is Rev. Father Gerald, C.P., Mount Argus.

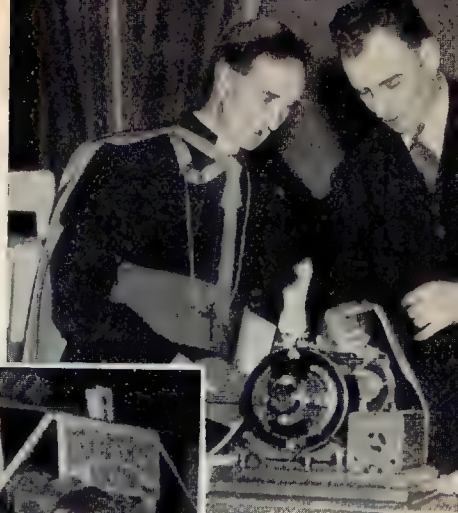
This Process has for its object to investigate the heroicity of the virtues of the Servant of God and to examine the miracles and favours supposed to have been wrought and granted during his lifetime and since his death. Many witnesses will be called to give evidence, including those who were present at the Informative Process held some years ago. As a work of this kind demands a very searching enquiry, some time must elapse before it is completed. Amongst the Sessions to be held, there will be the interesting one of opening the grave of the Servant of God and the Apostolic recognition of his body in accordance with the requirements of Canon Law.

When the final Session has been concluded, a special courier will be appointed to carry the documents and Acts of the Process to the Holy See. These will be handed over to the Secretary of the Congregation of Rites. In due time a Commission will be set up to consider the evidence already given and to present a report to the Holy Father. If a favourable judgment is given, the Servant of God will receive the title of Venerable.

Catholic Press Exhibition

WOL 200000 @ 2000 000

Belfast



AT THE PRESS
EXHIBITION.

Above: The Bishop of
Down and Connor
and a Creed Mac

Left: His Lordship
examining
some Passionist
publications.

THE first Catholic Press Exhibition held in Ireland attracted more than 11,000 people to St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, from November 22nd-29th.

From every point of view the Exhibition was an unqualified success, and the greatest credit is due not only to the organisers but to the members of the various Committees who shared the labour of preparation. The eloquent and inspiring address delivered by His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Mageean, Bishop of Down and Connor, and Patron of the Exhibition, opened up new vistas of activity for the apostolate of the Catholic Press. "The Catholic and the anti-Catholic Press occupy opposing camps" said His Lordship. "Their aims and ideals are different. The Catholic Press is fighting in the cause of truth and virtue. The anti-Catholic Press is striving to undermine the faith and morality of men. Its aim is to promote atheistic materialism."

Upon the duties of the Catholic Press His Lordship was equally explicit, and his trenchant exposition of the duties of the Catholic Press are worthy of close attention. "The duty of the Catholic Press is two-fold" he declared, "defence and advance. It must defend the Christian position and push on to further conquests by advancing the reign of truth and virtue in the minds and hearts of men. It must interpret the teaching of the Church and apply its principles to the problems of the present day. "The Catholic Press is the mouthpiece of the Church."

After declaring the Exhibition open, His Lordship passed around each of the thirty stalls and spent a long time inspecting and reviewing the various displays. At the stall devoted to the "Passionist Publications" His Lordship examined with interest the last copies of Passionist periodicals received from Spain before the outbreak of the civil war. Three of these, published respectively at Santander,



OPENING THE PRESS EXHIBITION.
The Bishop of Down and Connor reads a message conveying the Apostolic blessing.

patronised. The central portion of the Exhibition was occupied by the better-known periodicals published by the Religious Orders, notable amongst them being the Redemptorists, Passionists, Capuchins, Jesuits and Dominicans. The Passionist exhibit, a picture of which appears on the opposite page, was universally acknowledged to be one of the most artistic of the whole Exhibition. A facsimile autograph-letter from St. Paul of the Cross attracted much attention, as did also a photograph of two pages of Blessed Gemma's spiritual notebook, which bore traces of burning due to diabolic action. Books and booklets by Passionist Fathers, Passionist periodicals from other lands, pictures and leaflets in great variety, photographs, etc., etc., were also displayed.

Great results are expected from this pioneer venture in Press Exhibitions. For one thing, this comprehensive display has aroused a considerable interest in the permanent worth of our Catholic periodicals. "The cream of our Catholic literature of to-day," says Hilaire Belloc, "is hidden in ephemeral periodicals." . . . Can anything be more interesting than a few hours of leisured reading of our Catholic periodical literature? An educational authority has said that the thorough perusal of one good Catholic paper each week would in itself guarantee a liberal education. Our Catholic journalists are the rightful heirs to the Catholic culture of twenty centuries. Theirs is the culture that built up Western civilisation. Their thought is not merely a matter of their own private deductions, nor are the principles which they invoke in dealing with current problems, the invention of their own caprice.

Deusto-Bilbao, and Barcelona, were a source of much interest to visitors to the Exhibition.

From the point of view of variety the Catholic Press Exhibition was certainly fully representative. Amongst the more notable displays were those of the Catholic daily papers, *Irish News*, *Irish Independent*, *Irish Press*, and the Catholic weeklies, *Standard*, *Universe*, *Catholic Herald*, *Catholic Times*, *Irish Catholic*, *Glasgow Observer*, etc. All the prominent Catholic publishers had tastefully decorated stalls whereon the latest Catholic books were displayed in great profusion. The Missionary Publications had a fine display, which attracted much attention, whilst the stalls of the C.T.S.I. and the Catholic Social Guild (Oxford) were well



AT THE PRESS EXHIBITION.
An artistic display of Passionist publications.

The Problem Page ~ FRANCES MacBRIDE

CHAPTER I—*Tragedy at Grieve.*

THE master of Grieve Priory let himself into the hall, shut the door, and leaned against it, as though spent. He listened a moment or two, then satisfied that no sounds of pursuit were audible, walked forward into the light, his breath coming more evenly. From the shadows, Peters, the butler, detached himself, and looked at his master like the spirit of anguish incarnate.

"I'm so glad you have come, sir," he said, with the respectful, familiar tone of the privileged servant. "I was getting worried about you, for it is so late, sir, and supper has been cleared an hour or more. You look so weary, sir. Can I get you anything?"

Henry Stainsforth looked at the old man who had served his family for more than forty years, rather as though he were seeing him for the first time.

"No, thank you, Peters, I don't want anything to eat. I am tired, very tired!"

"A glass of sherry, sir, and a biscuit?" he suggested. "You ought to have something, sir."

"Very well, Peters. You can put the wine in the library. Tell me, were there any callers this afternoon, any visitors?"

"No messages, sir, and no callers, for you," answered the butler.

"Peters! I have work to do before I—before I retire. On no account am I to be disturbed. Do you understand? By the way, where is Miss Diana?"

"Retired to her room, sir, an hour ago." Peters went out, and returned silently, bearing the refreshment which he put on the side table in the library, near his master's hand. He paused.

"Will there be anything more, sir?"

"Thank you, Peters, that will be all. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir."

The door closed. Sounds of locking-

up. Silence. He was alone, and the mask was off.

He walked to the diamond-paned casements and threw them wide to the beauty of the May night. For the hundredth time since he had bought Grieve, he thought with admiration how well these monks who had built the place had chosen. Queer fellows they must have been, spending their lives toiling, with no recompense. It was difficult to imagine that Grieve Priory was only fifteen miles from town. It stood on a hillock, its lawns and fields sloping gently down to a broad stream, now red, now gold, in the sunset afterglow. Trees dressed in "bride's blossom" sheltered it from the too-fierce Channel gales; broad meadows, each holding a little cottage or farmstead on its wide, rich bosom, stretched away to the horizon. At the edge of the lawn a young birch stood, arrayed in a green no artist could ever hope to reproduce on a canvas. The air was sweet with the scent of clover and that indefinable something that belongs to awakening life; and presently, down in the coppice by the stream, a nightingale began to sing. Nature was renewing everywhere her age-old miracle of resurrection, while he, Stainsforth of Grieve, was preparing to die.

THEY say that in those few terrible moments before death, a drowning man sees his past like a swift-moving film before his eyes. Henry Stainsforth was going to die, but he did not see the past—he saw the future. In to-morrow's *Daily Citizen* the entire front page would be taken up with one item of news, and one only. Already he could see the headlines:

GREAT FINANCIAL SENSATION!

THOUSANDS RUINED.

PROMINENT FINANCIER ARRESTED!

SPECIAL!

Stainsforth. His name, coupled with an abominable scandal, would be on

everyone's lips. Wires humming, men writhing in indignation, would demand summary justice. He saw the vision of his own arrest here at Grieve; detectives, politicians, reporters, sensation-seekers, all desecrating the silence and peace with their clamour. He saw himself in the dock, his thin, tall figure clad in a neat grey suit, his head bent before the scathing remarks the judge was sure to make. Fraud! Trickster! Robber of the widow and orphan! Mean, pre-meditated scheming to feather his own nest in luxury at the expense of the ignorant, the innocent, and the trusting. He saw it all; the crowded court, the staring eyes, the sneers, then the condemnation. . . . That you be detained in penal servitude for not less a term than ten years.

Ten years. . . .

Ten years! cried his tortured heart, as he saw the broad arrows, the rough clothing, the heavy boots, the coarse linen. His associates the scum of the underworld, his landscape four walls and a window made of bars. No. Never to him.

He rose and looked at himself in the mirror over the mantel, curiously, detachedly, as a stranger might. Forty-eight years old. Thin, cleanly-cut features, blue eyes; what people might call a fine-looking man. He did not look a criminal as yet. Perhaps, after some years at Wellinmore. . . .

He was grateful to Gresham, who had tipped him off, told him the cat was out of the bag, they were preparing a warrant for his arrest. It gave him a respite of twelve hours to decide what to do. Flight instantly suggested itself to him, only to be rejected as hopeless, futile and humiliating. No, he chose to come here to his home to take a little breathing space before he leapt, unbidden, into eternity.

The tinkle of cowbells came from the meadows, where the animals were in summer pasture. A pleasant sound. Strange, he had never heard it before. And the nightingale in the coppice. Queer. Now he thought of it, he ought to have spent many nights in summer

listening to that little gem. He had always been so busy in town that he appeared never to have time for Grieve. It had been different with Marjorie. How well she had loved it! She had spent every possible day of their short married life here at the Priory, and it was at Grieve she had died.

WHY should the idea that Marjorie his wife, was a stranger to him, be so strong to-night? He had known her, how long? Three short years that had borne on their placid tide courtship, marriage, birth, and death. He remembered the first time he had seen her, even at eighteen carrying a dignity and a peace that showed in every line of her lovely face. Secretary she had been to Sir Michael Conway, his friend. She had been taking letters when he had come into the office, and immediately she had looked on him the arrow had pierced his heart. At twenty-two he himself had been no bad match; good-looking, wealthy already, with his boundless ambition and influence, certain to go far. He knew many fine girls who would have become Mrs. Stainsforth at the drop of a handkerchief, but from the moment he had seen Marjorie, he knew that she, and no other, was to be his wife.

It had not been easy getting her consent. Proud she had been, for all her poverty and servile state. A Catholic, too, and he had had to submit to all manner of inquiries about his integrity and good faith. Promising something about not interfering with his wife's religious freedom and things like that. It had all been rather vague to him, and he certainly was not the type to interfere with anyone's religion, for all religions were anathema to him. All that mattered was that he had been terribly happy for three short, delightful years. Marjorie had been so good-humoured and gay, despite her serious mien, and she was so intelligent and well-read that it had been a joy to listen to her conversation. He remembered now with a pang that she had never been the least bit inte-

rested in money or power, for her joys had ever been simple ones. Lately he had had to force her to go to town with him. Grieve was her love and pleasure; dressed in a cotton frock and a sunbonnet, wandering in the meadows, sitting by the stream watching the antics of the fat, speckled trout, listening to the blackbird's song—these made up her life.

He remembered so well the evening she died. It had been a time like this, calm, placid, still. The white room upstairs had been altered in some way at Marjorie's bidding. She was going to receive the Last Rites, she told him. That was what astounded him most—Marjorie's calm acceptance of the sentence the doctor had just passed. He would remember that scene while life lasted. The priest, hastily summoned, had just finished some ceremony when he entered the room. In a cot by the bed lay his new-born daughter, whose coming had cost her mother her life. A table covered with a linen cloth stood near, and on it were two candles, a crucifix, and some smaller articles. The priest handed him a small book, and pointing to some English words, bade him kneel. The nurse knelt down, and also three of the older servants. He had kept his eyes on his book until that moment when purely by accident he raised them at the very moment Marjorie received the Host. He felt once more that acute feeling of shame that had shot through his heart at the expression on his wife's face. He felt that his very gaze, the gaze of the unbelieving, the profane, was at that moment an insult to the Presence under his roof, although he told himself passionately that he did not mean it so. When he lifted his eyes again he was alone, absolutely alone, for Marjorie was dead.

Something happened that night to Henry Stainsforth's scheme of life. The only thing he had ever truly loved had been torn from him ruthlessly before he had time to savour her full sweetness. After that his concentration, his energy, had been reserved for the climbing of the ladder of success.

What did it matter if he crushed a few innocent, less swift souls in his climb? Now he was at the top of the pedestal, and to-morrow the inevitable crash would come, and no one would care, except, perhaps, Diana.

Diana. . . .

AS though on a sudden impulse, he went to the door, unlocked it, and stood there listening. No sound broke the stillness. Quietly he tip-toed up the wide, gracious stairway and paused before a white door. He knocked twice, gently. There was no answer. He turned the handle, and the door swung open under his hand.

The room was filled with the gathering blue dusk of the May night, so that he felt, rather than saw every detail of his daughter's room. A real girl's room, but pre-eminently the room of a good, romantic, idealistic young maiden. Walnut furniture, stainless steel fittings, silver and rose and grey blending in a mellow harmony pleasing to the eye. Two finely-pointed etchings, and one of Murillo's Madonnas. He smiled at her keeping that Madonna through all the changing taste of girlhood's fashions. He had never coerced Diana about religion since she had been old enough to understand. She had never seemed to feel the need of any spiritual consolation up to the present, this fair, intelligent, delightful young daughter.

He looked at her in the shadows. She lay in that deep repose that only the very old and the very young know. Her dark hair lay across the pillow like a cloud, and one hand was pressed under her roseleaf cheek. She was smiling a little as though at some lovely phantasy of her dream. Diana. Eighteen years old, stepping now with serene confidence along the busy road of life, secure in the knowledge that there was wealth and influence and love behind her; and after to-morrow all that would be changed.

What was to become of her? Let him try to forget, for after all, the world was kind to youth and beauty. She was as good as engaged to a smart young naval officer. For her, life was

just opening out her arms, fair and sweet. As for himself, well, death would put an end to all his striving, his ambitions, his sorrows and disgrace. He owned it to himself quite frankly now, he had been a rotter in business, the easy lane of sharp practice ending in the broad field of open fraud in the latest get-rich-quickly scheme. He might have faced it all, the long years of prison had he been alone; but not with Diana. He remembered the curious quality of her eyes, which, even from childhood had been wont to look at him with such direct candour in their depths; and the colour—why he could never tell whether they were blue or green or grey. He imagined those eyes looking at him after she knew, and a shudder went through him. No. He could have faced everyone, everything, but not Diana.

SHE stirred a little in sleep and he drew further back for fear of waking her. He stood by the door looking at her, while the fragrance of the night stole in upon both them.

"Good-bye," he said, and the words were in his heart rather than on his lips. "I'm glad you will never see me again, as I am now. . . ."

"Good-bye." . . . He went out and quietly the door closed.

Back in the library he shut the window, and switched on the lights, for he had work to do and the time was short. He opened the safe and took out a large bundle of papers. These he sorted carefully, burning those in the huge empty fireplace which he felt would incriminate his one-time partners in crime. No need for them all to suffer. Gresham had done him a good turn, tipping him off about the warrant; and since he had chosen to

be the victim for all, there was no sense in letting the police in on their secrets. Lastly, he took from the drawer a small nickel-plated revolver. He was trembling now, though his heart was built up strongly to his purpose. It did not occur to his tortured mind that there was any other way out of the morass. One small bullet from its quick, silent breech, and the shame would be forgotten, the anguish forever still. He put it on the table before him, and sat down to wait until the clock struck twelve. That would be his signal. It was dusk now, and he put out the light, preferring to wait in the blue-grey shadows for the end.

What happened after death? An alluring theme to layman and cleric alike down the ages. Peace would be there, he knew, and forgetfulness. No one had any longer the ability to hurt you when you were dead. What then did dishonour matter, and poverty, and shame, and the loss of friends turned enemies? Was there any truth in the things Marjorie had believed in, and which had appeared to sustain her so in the last hour of her life? Was it true that suicides were condemned to travel from this world to the next, back and forth unceasingly, world without end?

One thing he knew. Death was the end. After death, nothingness . . . who could tell? The grandfather in the hall struck twelve sonorous notes, drowning a sharp click in the library.

Upstairs in a grey and rose room a young girl still slept, with a hand below her roseleaf cheek, and down in the coppice by the stream a little brown bird went on singing. . . .

NEXT MONTH:—*The Awakening.*

*****O***** Bitter-Sweet Orient

Mysterious East!—thy shores are mystery,
Where "waves of history come to break and die":
Erratic child of life's consistory—

Toying with thought as with a plaything,
Laughing at grief as if a gay thing,
Bearing thy Buddhas and Mahatmas
Reincarnated in thy Avatars,
And bringing Mithras of the morning sky.
Grey source of error, toxin on the wing—
Thou art a mystery, Asia. Why?—oh why?

Perchance thou hast the answer, too, in that
Strange other world thou gavest earth as well:
For in thy realm the Syrian shores begot

The revelation as a song
From heaven, sweeping all along
Life's pathways, lighting all before it—
Changing men's wills when'er they swore it
Fast to their hearts with a new tale to tell.
Making a Cross a staff to those who bore it:
Sweet recompense, and error's fatal knell.

W. J. RANDALL.

OBITUARY

Rev. Father Celestine (Whiteside), C.P.



FATHER CELESTINE (WHITESIDE), C.P.

the interruptions caused by illness he pursued his ecclesiastical studies with such diligence and zeal that the Superiors judged it opportune to expedite his ordination. Accordingly he was raised to the priesthood on June 9th, 1906; by Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, and the general expectation was that but a few short years of priestly life awaited him. But Fr. Celestine confounded the gloomy prophecies of the pessimists, and fighting the battle against ill-health with dogged perseverance, he laboured in the apostolic ministry for more than thirty years before he laid down his burden. At various times he was stationed at the Retreats of Highgate, London; Herne Bay, Kent; Broadway, Wores.; and Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh, whilst his last years were spent at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin. In all these places many cherish vivid memories of his multifarious activities. Although he was seldom in the public eye, he never spared himself in hidden and unobtrusive labours undertaken on behalf of those who sought his aid in trouble or distress. At Mount Argus he was engaged for a considerable time in delivering the catechetical lectures at the early Sunday Masses, and those who heard his clear exposition and lucid explanation of fundamental Christian doctrines profited not a little from his zeal and his eloquence.

This latter work was particularly congenial to him, and admirably suited to his special talents. Gifted with a penetrating mind and more than ordinary intellectual capacity, Fr. Celestine—had he so desired—might have made a name for himself as a theologian of merit

OF late years the month of December has rarely passed without the melancholy necessity of recording the death of at least one Passionist in these countries. The year 1936 proved no exception, for in the early portion of the month we had to chronicle the death of Fr. Celestine (Whiteside), C.P. The loss was not indeed unexpected, for the late Fr. Celestine, who never enjoyed very robust health, had been gradually failing for some months previously.

Known in the world as Thomas Whiteside, the deceased Passionist was a native of Tydavnet, Co. Monaghan, in the Diocese of Clogher, where he was born on November 23rd, 1877. He had been for some years at business in Belfast before he felt attracted towards the religious state. Making the considerable sacrifice which a vocation necessarily entailed, he crossed to London, and having manifested his desire to the Provincial of the Passionists at Highgate, he was accepted as a postulant. After spending some time at a Retreat which the Passionists then possessed at Wareham, Dorsetshire, he proceeded to St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway, and when the year of probation had been completed, he made his profession on January 24th, 1900.

His student days were passed at Mount Argus, Dublin, but before long the delicacy of health, which was to be a constant trial to him in the later years, commenced to manifest itself. Despite

and repute. Characteristically shunning all publicity, he placed his rare gifts at the disposal of his brethren, and was ever ready and eager to give his assistance in the solution of difficult cases of conscience. Many who profited by his prudent and practical advice will mourn the loss of a true and faithful counsellor.

Many a man might have been cast down and discouraged by a constant and losing battle against ever-increasing ill-health, but Fr. Celestine was temperamentally well-equipped for the contest. Again and again, when grave fears were entertained for him he struggled back to regain his broken strength and to resume his wonted activity. Far from being dispirited by intermittent illness, Fr. Celestine made light of his infirmity and refused to be treated as an invalid. Often when another man would be confined to bed or to a sick-room, he would doggedly carry out his accustomed duties, refusing to admit defeat. Endowed also with a ready wit and with a fund of anecdote, Fr. Celestine was ever a cheerful and a good companion. Often he enlivened the recreation period with his adroit comments and his witty repartee, yet it was to be remarked that he never allowed any suspicion of acrimony or uncharitableness to mar his mirth. His wide human sympathy made him listen with untiring patience to those who came to him with a tale of woe, and their unaffected gratitude he felt to be a sufficient reward.

About last Easter his health began obviously to decline, and in spite of a temporary amelioration, it was soon apparent that the inevitable end could not be long delayed. With that patient fortitude which had distinguished him during life, Fr. Celestine awaited the final summons which came to him on the morning of December 9th. It was surely more than a coincidence that on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, his life-long devotion, Fr. Celestine should make his proximate preparation for death; and we may confidently hope that the Queen of Heaven protected his passing and presented the soul of her servant to her Divine Son. *May he rest in peace!*

HEAD NA ΞΑΕΘΙΛΞΕ AN T-UAN DOBRÓNAC

TÁ NA CÉADTA SCÉAL LÉ CLOS I
UTAOB AN CÉAD NÓTLAĞ ÚO NUAIR
TÁMIS MAC DÉ AR AN SAOL SO
AGUS NUAIR PUARÉAS É I STÁBLA BOÉT
AGUS SAN SLÍ LE FÁIL AIGE I UTIS AR
BÍT 'SA CATAIR DO BÍ I N-AICE LEIS.
CEANN DES NA SCÉALTAIB DEASA SAN
'ISEAD AN SCÉAL ATÁ GÁ ÉUR SÍOS AGAM
OIB ANSO.

NA N-AODAIRÍ DO CUARÓ ÉUIS AN
STÁBLA I MBEITIL AN ORÓCE BEANNUIGTE
SIN, TÁNDAR ÉAR N-AIS GO UTÍ NA
SLÉIBTE ARIS AGUS IONGNAD AGUS ÁTAS
'NA GERORDÉIB. NÍ NAC IONGNAD.
BÍODAR TAR ÉIS AN RADAR IS IONGANT-
AIGE DÁ BPACA AOMNE RIAM O'FEISCINT,
AGUS NÍ FÉADPARDÍS LABAIRT I UTAOB
AON NÍO AC I UTAOB AN STÁBLA AGUS NA
MAIGOME AGUS AN LEIMB DO BÍ AR A
GLÚM AICI, AGUS SOLUS GEAL MÓR-
TÍMPAL ORRA. BÍ AN MESSIA TAGAITE
I BPUIRM LEIMB BÍG! CONNACADAR É.
CONNACADAR A MÁTAIR—AN MAIGOEAN
ÁLUINN BEANNUIGTE. MOLAD AGUS BUR-
EACAS DO 'DIA GO DEO NA NDEOR!

BÍ UAN BEAG SUARAC AG ÉISTEACÉ
LEIS AN SCAMT SIN GO LÉIR ÉNAS AR NA
SLÉIBTEIB; UAN GO RAIB OLANN LIAC AIR
AGUS A ÉROIDE CRÁIOTE AGUS BEAGNAC

BRISTE AR AN ADBAR SAN. TÁMIS DÓCAS
AGUS MISNEAC ÉUIS I N-AOMFEACÉ. DÁ
BPÉADPARÓ SÉ CUAIRO A TÁBAIRT AR AN
STÁBLA SAN! DÁ BPÉADPARÓ ÍOSAGÁN NÓ
MUIRE FÉIM AIR, BÍ SÉ CINNTE GO MBEAD
OLANN BÁN AIR AS SAN AMAC, COSAMAIL
LE HAON UAN EILE! BÍ SÉ CINNTE DE
SIN. TAMAIL BEAG 'NA DÍARÓ SIN NUAIR
A BÍ AN TRIUR DO LEAN AN RÉALT AG TUL
ÉAR NA SLÉIBTEIB ÉUIS BEITIL DO LEAN
AN T-UAN BEAG LIAC IAD I SAN FÍOS,
AGUS TÁMIS SÉ LEO GO UTÍ DORAS AN
STÁBLA, AN CRETOEAM, AN DÓCAS AGUS
AN MISNEAC 'NA ÉROIDE I SCOMMUI.
CUARÓ NA RÍGTE ISTEAC AGUS O'UMLUIG-
EADAR ROIM ÍOSAGÁN, AC NÍ FEACA SÉ
AON NÍO NÓ AOMNE AC AN GRÁD AGUS AN
CRÁD AGUS AN IMPRÓE DO BÍ I SÚITIB
AN UAIN.

DO GLAORÓ MUIRE AR AN UAN BEAG
DOBRÓNAC AGUS DUBAIRT LEIS TEACÉ
ISTEAC. TÁMIS, AGUS NUAIR A ÉOG
MUIRE LÁM BEAG ÍOSAGÁN AGUS LEAG
AR CEANN AN UAIN I, O'ÉIRIS GAC UILE
BLÁIRE AGUS GAC UILE RIBE DE'N OLANN
COM BÁN LEIS AN SNEACÉ DO BÍ AR NA
SLÉIBTEIB AN ORÓCE SIN.

MUIRIS NA MÓNA.

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

JAZZ ON THE RADIO.

There is a radio in our living-room at home. Some members of the family turn on jazz music, which is often accompanied by songs which I consider objectionable. I like the music. Is it a sin for me to listen to such items?—"Correspondent" (Co. Cork).

We think that you have no reason to worry about such a trifling matter. It certainly is not a sin to listen to any musical accompaniment. If the words of a song are seriously objectionable, of course it would not be right to listen to it deliberately. But in general such songs are merely sentimental, and perhaps occasionally vulgar. To listen to such items under the above circumstances would hardly be considered sinful even by the most rigorous theologians.

TWO SAINTS.

(1) *Can you tell me something about St. Frederick? When is his feast-day?*—"O.B." (Dublin).

(2) *I would like to know something about St. Reginald, if there is such a saint.*—"Oral" (Belfast).

(1) St. Frederick was consecrated Bishop of Utrecht in 820. He sent apostolic missionaries into the Northern Provinces to root out the remains of idolatry, which still lingered there. He also admonished the Empress Judith, wife of Louis le Debonair for her wanton life. Whilst making his thanksgiving after Mass he was stabbed to death by two assassins, said to have been hired by the Empress whom he had so justly reprov'd. He is honoured as a martyr, his feast being celebrated on July 18th.

(2) We have not been able to find any canonised saint bearing the name of Reginald. There is, however, Blessed Reginald of Orleans, a companion of St. Dominic, and one of the first members of the Order of Preachers. He was sent by St. Dominic to the University of Bologna, where he founded one of the most famous of the Dominican establishments. In 1218, during the absence of St. Dominic in France, he was made Vicar of the Order in Italy. Whilst lying ill at San Sisto he was miraculously cured by an apparition of Our Blessed Lady, who also revealed to him the black and white habit, worn by the Dominicans ever since. His feast is celebrated in the Dominican Order on February 17th.

PURPOSE OF PENANCE.

Why is a penance imposed in confession? I have heard many different reasons given, and should like to know which is correct.—"A Sinner" (Dublin).

To satisfy your curiosity we give the answer which appears in the official *Catholic Catechism* compiled by the late Cardinal

Gasparri. "The confessor imposes, as prudence suggests and in proportion to the character of the sins confessed and the dispositions of the penitent, a salutary and fitting penance—not only as a help to the penitent in leading a new life and as a remedy for his weakness, but also as a penalty and a correction for past sins now forgiven." We may add that this penance has a special efficacy for the payment of the debt of temporal punishment due to sin.

THE TRAPPISTS.

Would you please inform me in regard to a Religious Order known as Trappists? A Protestant friend asked me about the Order, and I was at a loss to reply.—G. M.

Trappists are religious of the Reformed Cistercian Order. They received their name from their first abbey of La Trappe, France. This order is strictly monastic, that is, completely secluded from the world. Its organization is cenobitic—life in common, under the government of an abbot, who is elected for life. The whole object and purpose of the Order is the personal sanctification of the religious themselves, and the salvation of men. To effect this two-fold purpose the Trappist leads a life proverbially ascetic and austere in the extreme. They observe the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. To these they add a fourth vow, viz., stability, that is, life residence in a particular monastery. They abstain from meat and fish throughout the year and observe almost perpetual silence. The Trappist's life consists chiefly of prayer, study and labour. Four hours are given to study and five to manual labour, seven to prayer, seven to sleep and one hour to meals. They are self-supporting by virtue of the labour of their hands, usually in agriculture, in consequence of which they have been of immense benefit to society.

NECESSITY OF CONFIRMATION.

(1) *Is it a sin for a baptized adult to receive Holy Communion when he has not been confirmed?* (2) *If he were to die without being confirmed would the absence of the Sacrament prevent him from going to Heaven?*—"A Convert" (Dublin).

(1) No. Since he is baptized, he has the right to receive Holy Communion.

(2) The Sacrament of Confirmation is not absolutely necessary for salvation. It is at most a necessity of precept from the observance of which a grave reason will excuse, such as lack of opportunity. Those only sin who refuse to receive it without good reason. Every Catholic should be confirmed. There are so many precious graces produced by this Sacrament, graces so necessary in an age of scepticism and indifferentism, that every Catholic ought by all means to receive it.

Book Reviews

SWEET VINTAGE. By Rose A. Carter. A Novel. London: Heath Cranton Ltd. Pp. 296. 7s. 6d.

Michael and Ena are twins, who arrive at the Fleddon household when it would seem that the family were expecting no newcomers. To their father, Richard Fleddon, they are unwanted, and when his wife dies in bringing them into the world, he turns against them and adopts towards them an unreasoning attitude bordering on hate. They grow up well cared for as far as the material things of life are concerned, but bereft of every domestic happiness. Their father is to them an ogre, someone to be feared and whom they call "that man" instead of Daddy or Father. As the years pass and school-days come to an end, the barrier remains. They choose their own friends, keep late hours, smoke, drink and gamble, till "that man" in a furious rage, gives Michael a five pound note and turns him out to earn his own living. This turns out to be the salvation of Michael's soul and body. He becomes a farmer. Fresh air, hard work and good hours quickly dispel all traces of his former dissipation. Love enters his life when he meets a young and attractive girl called Guiglia. His adventures in the world of romance, while they bring with them many disappointments, finally end in happiness. Through all the happenings of his farmer's life he keeps in touch with his sister-twin, who much to his sorrow, still continues on her downward course. But, just as with Michael, there comes to Ena a change of heart, and finally happiness in true love. If you care to follow these irrepressible twins through all their adventures, you will find their story well told in this new novel by Rose Carter, which she calls "Sweet Vintage."

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. By Nello Vian. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. 158. 3s. 6d.

Poor St. Anthony, the Patron of the lost, stolen and strayed, is lost himself, even to his most ardent admirers. There has grown up around his name a forest of legend and miracle that completely hides the Saint himself from our view. A recent essayist has written somewhere to the effect that Anthony has lived a double life. The one which is popular and best known is an unending tale of miracles, the other which is lost and forgotten is the story of Anthony the human being and simple Friar. This life of the Saint, as told in miracle and legend, and which has won for him the title of "Restorer of Lost Property" is apt to inspire his clients with a spirit of selfishness, which is a bar to true devotion. Even our present Holy Father, Pius XI, has recently expressed the hope that something may be done to detach popular devotion to the Saint from "all sordid motives of self-interest." Dr.

Nello Vian, therefore, in his life of St. Anthony, has tried to strip his subject of all that is cumbersome and to paint a true portrait of the real Anthony. His Anthony is a boy who is vivacious, fiery and strong-willed; who became an Augustinian monk, was learned, deeply versed in the Scriptures, and an eloquent preacher. Then came the change. He exchanged his books for the greasy dishes in a Franciscan scullery, buried his great mental gifts in his great humility, was lowly and despised. There emerges from Dr. Vian's narrative a truly lovable Saint, a Saint that is to be admired more for what he was than for what he did; a saint who was a saint because he conquered self and not because he worked miracles.

THE CAPUCHIN ANNUAL, 1937. The "Father Mathew Record" Office, Dublin, N.W.8. 2s. 6d.

Perhaps the highest praise one could bestow on *The Capuchin Annual* would be to say that it maintains the high standard which it has set itself. The combination of delightfully-chosen and skilfully reproduced works of art and of a lavish range of well-written, topical and instructive literary presentation is such as to afford not only the reader but also the editor (perforce, the severest of critics) the highest satisfaction. It is no easy task to comment on the individual items—each has its outstanding features. Therefore, it is merely a matter of personal predilection that draws a word of special appreciation for the three view-points of the life, the meaning and the message of Matt Talbot. Here we have the mental and spiritual reactions of three such gifted writers as Francis McManus; Father Canice, O.M.Cap.; and "Denis Barry" to the life of poverty and sanctity of a Dublin working-man. The printers merit a word of praise for this highly-efficient production. *The Capuchin Annual* will be a source of relief to those wishing to make a really good though inexpensive book-present to their friends. It is certain to be appreciated—and that makes it an acceptable gift.

Christmas Bells

Dear Christmas Bell,
Why do you hang your head
Of gold and red?
She said: "I ring
To tell the birthday of a glorious King—
Red for the blood of his humanity.
Gold, for the glory of His Majesty;
But, since He lived in great humility,
I hang my head.

RUBY E. MURRAY.

The Guild of St. Gabriel a Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

- I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle: open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.
- II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.
- III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.



TRIPPING with lightsome step, and

the New Year comes upon us swiftly,

and almost unawares we find ourselves in the

midst of the January days. None of us

knows what 1937 holds for us; for some it

may bring sorrow, for others joy. But what-

ever comes our way, be it keen disappoint-

ments, or the realization of our greatest

hopes, let us offer all to God, and beg of Him

to strengthen us to face the future with

courage and bravery. At the dawning of the

New Year let us resolve to make at least one

good resolution and to keep it steadfastly:

let us pray fervently to God for His divine

aid in all our undertakings, and to Our Lady,

the Mother of Good Counsel, for guidance in

the ways we should follow. If we are faithful

to God He will bestow upon us infinite graces,

strength to bear trials, and uplifting spiritual

joys to help us along the paths that lead to

the realms of true and eternal happiness.

When we pause and reflect, we realize how

revolting sin must be in the eyes of God,

and how easily it can be avoided if we will

but make up our minds to act honestly and

with an upright spirit, to put aside everything

that is mean and degrading and to follow

the principles of Christ's teachings in all

things.

May the coming year bring an abundance

of happiness to all my little friends in the

Guild of St. Gabriel, and may the smile of

God shine upon them eternally.

MY POST BAG.

Again my post bag is full, and in delving into my correspondence I find happiness in making the acquaintance of many new friends who have come to hear of our happy nook, and are anxious to join us in our work and play, and soon we shall have perforce to send a deputation to wait on the Editor demanding another page of *The Cross* all for ourselves. From Station House, Arklow, writes ANGELA CAHEW, who has been out on a recruiting

IMPORTANT.

- (1) Newcomers will please write a personal note to *Francis*, apart from their competition paper, asking for admission to the Guild.
- (2) A Badge of St. Gabriel will be awarded to each member who enrols five new members.
- (3) Put your name, address and age on the COMPETITION PAPER; enclose the Guild Coupon, and see that the correct amount of postage is paid.
- (4) Address your letters to: "Francis," Guild of St. Gabriel, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

her and I think they are the finest I have ever read too, and I do not know how the Editor will be able to produce a better *Annual*." Are you revelling in the joys of the latest *Cross Annual* now? Tell me how you like it, and the stories that most appeal to you. I am glad to have you for a member, Catherine, and wish you every blessing as you travel life's highway. Your little verses have a happy ring about them. After a long absence, FRED LAWLEY comes again with a newsy letter, and a little packet of stamps which will go to help the Missions. I was sorry to hear of Margaret's accidents. What a sad mishap to break her little arm twice. I hope she and you are feeling splendid now. Fred sends greetings and best thanks to Mrs. O'Sullivan and "Stowaway," who send him books and papers regularly. He is deeply grateful. May God reward those kind friends that have done so much to brighten up Fred's days.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC PRIZE-WINNER.

"You can imagine my delight," writes SHEILA McANDREW, "when I got a lovely parcel from *The Cross* office. I thought I'd never get the paper unwrapped to see what glorious surprise lay inside, but nothing even in my most beautiful dreams could equal this lovely book. I have no hesitation in saying that 'The Girls of Banshee Castle' is my most treasured possession, the very name would tempt even the worst book-hater to take a peep inside and discover what adventures lay hidden there. As my hobby is reading you can imagine the great joy it was to me." By this I feel sure you have explored every nook and cranny of the old castle, Sheila, and have found out all its secrets. Any ghosts? Your letter gave me much pleasure, and I trust the New Year will bring you many successes in the Guild of St. Gabriel. MARY McANDREW, in the course of a sweet, little letter, says: "I am sure you are looking forward to building up the Crib in Mount Argus; it always looks so real—just a poor, little cave, with the Baby Jesus lying on a bed of straw. I think it is the most beautiful, little Crib I have ever seen." Mary also asks our prayers for the success of a clerical student who hopes to be ordained next March. Let us pray hard that God may grant him the greatest of all blessings—Ordination to the Sacred Priesthood. The little verses sent by Mary are very sweet, and show a real love of God. May Our Divine Lord ever keep her little soul pure and full of His grace. At the end of my pile of letters lies a letter of greetings from our friend, ELEANOR DARGAN. She has been consecrated a Child of Mary and is very proud and very happy. Eleanor sends along the names of some new members. They have already been admitted to the Guild. Every kind welcome to BETTY KEELAN, MARY BRESLIN, ALICE COWAN and JACK KEELAN. *Francis* is watching out for their letters and competition papers. How are all my little friends in

St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill? I expect a great budget of news from them next time.

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "How to Keep New Year Resolutions" the prize is awarded to SADIE DELANEY, *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Leix*.

In the competition for the best welcome to the New Year in prose or verse the prize goes to LILY WOODS, 23 *Weaford Road, Arklow*.

In the competition for the best essay on "How to pass a winter evening pleasantly" the prize is awarded to MARY McANDREW, 42 *Old Finglas Road, Glasnevin, Dublin*.

Badges of St. Gabriel are awarded to CATHERINE McFERRAN, *Ballydesland, Warrenpoint*, and to ELEANOR DARGAN, *c/o Owens, 96 Earlston Avenue, Townhead, Glasgow*.

FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best story of St. Brigid told in the competitor's own words.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Beauty of Springtide."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best specimen of handwriting, and letter to *Francis*.

SEND BEFORE JANUARY 10TH.

○○○○○○○○

"If I Had Wings . . ."

If I had wings to fly away
Far o'er the wide, wide sea,
Thou still wouldst be my guide and stay
Where'er my path might be.
In all my wanderings I should know
That Thy eternal power
Is with Thy children here below
E'en in the darkest hour.

The birds are, in their annual flight

Across the stormy main,
Still guided by Thee day and night
Till they reach land again.

And Peter, sinking in the wave,
Was seized with sudden fear—

Forgetting Thou wert there to save
That Thou art always near.

So may we ever realise

What Thy protection means—
Extending o'er the earth and skies,

And 'mid the loneliest scenes,

It leads our weary steps along,

Through dangers that abound,

To the true peace for which we long,

And which in Heaven is found.

MAURICE R. CUSSEN.

St. Gabriel's Guild

COUPON JAN., 1937